

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 718—Vol. XXVIII.]

NEW YORK, JULY 3, 1869.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. 13 WEEKS, \$1 00.
\$4 00 YEARLY.]

Annual Report of the Commissioners of Emigration.

As a simple record of the yearly transactions of one of our State institutions, this pamphlet is at least interesting, if not as instructive as it might be. Comparing it with its predecessors, we find these reports are all constructed on the same model. The tabular statements, which are minute and elaborate, all refer, year after year, to similar subjects, so that whether the number of immigrants be 200,000 or 250,000, the result is, perhaps unavoidably so, a rather dull uniformity. Neither are we spared features common to all reports of public bodies, namely, the placid satisfaction of the Commissioners with all their own acts, a sort of judicial condemnation of all who have opposed them, together with urgent pleas that their powers be extended, and their pecuniary resources increased.

One of the most remarkable points in the immigration of last year is the increase of the German and the diminution of the Irish element. Thus, out of 213,686 immigrants, 101,989 were

from Germany, 47,571 from Ireland, 29,695 from England, and 34,431 from other countries, showing a decrease of 37,182 in the immigration from Germany, Ireland and England, but an increase of 8,137 in the miscellaneous immigration as compared with the previous year. There is every reason to believe from the statistics of immigration, so far, this year, that this ratio of the German to the Irish influx is largely increasing, with what benefit to the country of their adoption everybody will determine for himself according to preconceived notions of the qualities of each race.

From one of the tabular statements presented, it is evident that each year sees the tide of strangers seeking new homes rushing more strongly toward the more newly settled States of the West, to the neglect of the older States, where, it might be supposed, their labor would be better paid for. Perhaps it was out of the power of the Commissioners to inform us what motives decided the immigrants in the selection of their distant homes; whether the Swedes, who numbered some 10,000 souls more than in 1867, all went to the same sec-

tion of country, or scattered themselves broadcast over several States; whether the Germans went Westward by families or by their nationalities; that is, whether Bavarians, Saxons, Württembergers and Westphalians, for instance, forgetting their local differences, intended to settle independently of their home prejudices, or whether they still cling to their ancient nationalities. Nevertheless, it is a point of great interest to know whether these hardy and industrious foreigners are forming themselves into colonies, clustering, as it were, in hives, or whether they are quietly losing their identity, and being merged in the masses of our own population. As to the Irish, there is no question as to their absorption, but with the Swedes and Germans, the adults among whom will probably never know any language but their own, the obstacles to denationalization are far more difficult to overcome.

Comparing the tables of the destinations of the immigrants in 1868 with those in 1866, we find the details given of the gross number of 216,222 in the former against 228,851 in the latter year; that of these New York took only

65,714 in 1868; against 97,807 in 1866: Pennsylvania, 16,926 against 24,784; Massachusetts, 7,604 against 11,874; while, on the contrary, Illinois took 34,625 in 1868 against 22,386 in 1866; Iowa, 7,040 against 4,403; Minnesota, 5,891 against 3,459; and even Nebraska, 1,410 against 119. It would add greatly to the interest of the report if the nationalities of these Western settlers were given, if only approximately. These figures are obtained by comparing the reports of separate years. The Commissioners appear fond of tabular statements. We suggest to them to present in their next report an extended table of the destinations of immigrants, distinguishing, if possible, their nationalities, and we venture to think that this will be of greater interest to the public than several pages of details of expenditures at Ward's Island, including the enormous sum of \$5.57 for vegetables, and \$1.25 for woodware, paid by an agent in Albany.

Most people know that the expenses of this Commission are met by a tax of two and a half dollars on each alien passenger, paid by the



THE GREAT NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE AND MUSICAL FESTIVAL, BOSTON, MASS.—THE RECEPTION OF PRESIDENT GRANT IN THE COMMITTEE ROOM OF THE COLISEUM, JUNE 16.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 243.

owners or agents of the vessels transporting the immigrants. This sum is paid as a commutation by the shipowners as a release from the bonds required by law that the immigrants shall not during five years after their arrival become a burden to the State of New York. The Commissioners cannot help perceiving that this sum is actually paid by the immigrants, because it is included in their passage-money; and then follows the curious remark, "It is, therefore, due to the emigrant that the amount he thus pays"—What? Should be made as light as possible, or be paid only by those needing the assistance of the charity? Not at all, but—"should be applied to the purpose for which it is advanced." We believe nobody has ever doubted its proper application; but suppose we read the sentence in another way. "It is, therefore, due to the 213,686 aliens who, during the past year, have found homes among us, mostly in distant States, that the money of those who are well should be taken to support 11,613 sick, all of whom were discharged during the year."

Some of the purposes, independent of charity, to which the tax on immigrants, numbering millions since the Commission was established, have been devoted are, the purchase of large tracts of real estate, the erection of costly buildings thereon, and an accumulation of a handsome cash balance at the bankers. As the population of the island extends northward, the value of this real estate increases enormously every year. We dare not give in figures its estimated value to-day, but there is no doubt it is vastly more valuable than when first purchased by the Commission. The time cannot be far distant when considerations of public health will demand the hospitals shall be at a greater distance from the city, and the removal of the obstructions from Hell Gate will render Ward's Island necessary for the purposes of commerce. Yet in face of all this, the Commissioners ask that this *per capita* tax shall not only remain at its present rate, but hint that they should like it increased.

We have grave doubts of the policy of this tax in any form. If shipowners are to be liable for the future support of the sick and destitute they transport, let them be charged with expenses actually attending their care, and this, we believe, they would willingly defray. Circumstances have made New York the portal for immigrants to the United States, and we are in fact taxing every State from California Eastward for permitting a valuable portion of their people to land on the common shore. Look at one instance how the system works. The Commissioners have received during the year from shipowners the sum of \$1,970 as fines for deaths at sea. Was ever anything so monstrous? Suppose by a parity of reasoning Illinois were to fine a railroad company for deaths by accident, or otherwise, of passengers coming to settle there. But if such a fine, however unjust, must be inflicted, what right has the State of New York to it, unless it can be shown that the persons so dying intended to settle in this State. If their friends were in Nevada, does not the fine belong, in common fairness, to that State? In the comity of States, why does New York levy taxes and fines on the industry and enterprise of the West? It is common to sneer at New Jersey for paying her taxes by a *per capita* on railroad passengers through the State. But the sneer comes with a bad grace from us, who have charged her \$2.50 each for 5,906 aliens, who, during the past year, have gone to dwell within her borders.

This import duty of \$2.50 per head on foreigners, that is, on labor, is an increase of fifty cents per head over the tax of former years. This increase was first granted by the Legislature of two years ago, as a temporary impost to recover some extra expenses which the Commissioners pleaded they were about to incur, for the benefit of the immigrants, of course. No one who knows how tenaciously corporations cling to these augmentations of their funds, will be surprised to learn that when the time during which the increased tax, or duty, might be levied was about to expire, the Commissioners made an urgent appeal to the Legislature for its continuance. The report before us states merely the fact that such an application had been made, and we may add, that by neat and dextrous lobbying, during the last day of the session, the passage of an act for this purpose was secured.

There are a few facts of public notoriety in connection with this matter, which it may be useful to consider. In the first place, immigration is increasing enormously, the five first months of this year showing 102,562 persons landed, against 76,116 at the same time last year. Next, that of this increase only one-tenth part come by sailing vessels, and the remainder by steamers, and this proportion diminishes year by year in favor of steam; the interpretation of which is, that as immigrants are being conveyed more rapidly, comfortably and securely year by year, the average health of those arriving is constantly improving. Again, the character and pecuniary means of the immigrant of the present day are vastly superior to that of a few years ago. Instead, therefore, of an increased immigration being a valid rea-

son for an increased *per capita* taxation, we hold that on these grounds the taxation should rather be reduced.

It cannot in the nature of things be supposed that immigration will continue for many years in its present volume. The surplus population of Europe will come to us, and when that is absorbed, the outflow from thence must cease. When that is the case, what will be the position of this charity, with its immense real estate and its accumulated capital? There is nothing which ought to be regarded with more jealousy among a free people than the accumulations of wealth by public bodies, either civil or religious, in excess of what is required for their immediate necessities. We all know the mischief wrought in England by endowments and charitable bequests; and akin to this evil is the taxing in perpetuity all emigrants, sick and well, for the support of the sick, because, as we have shown, the tendency is for the number of the sick to diminish, and of the well to increase.

The only true policy by which the evils we foresee in the not distant future can be averted is to throw the support of the sick directly on the shipowners, charging them at once for the actual expenses incurred. It is easy to exact bonds that such charges will be promptly paid. By such a method immigration will be encouraged, because the present tax must be removed, shipowners will attend more carefully to the health of passengers, knowing that if landed sick, they must support them, and the danger arising from an institution whose endowed wealth is increasing out of all proportion to its necessities will be at once and for ever removed.

As the policy of inducing foreigners to bring their industry to our shores is the common interest of all the States, so we hold that all laws regulating immigration should be under the control of the Federal Government, and not of any single State. For all the practical purposes of life, the true measure of distance is time. California is now nearer to this city than Albany was at a period within the memory of many men now living. When the able-bodied Irish immigrant lands at Castle Garden, he is practically nearer his future home in Minnesota than his father was to the English harvests he went annually to reap. And as distance has thus been annihilated by the agency of steam, so the inhabitants in all parts of this vast continent draw nearer to each other in ideas, customs, language, in all things that make a homogeneous and united people. The ideas on which our Immigration Laws were based were the ideas of the age of stage-coaches and canal-boats, and are as unsuited to our present needs as those well-nigh forgotten modes of conveyance. It may increase the wealth of this city to take toll of all the States, but we submit that it is against the policy of the United States that it should do so any longer. The Banking Law and the Bankruptcy Law are steps in the right direction, of Federal control of what is the common interest of all, and we shall very gladly see the present immigration regulation system, with all its abuses and stupidities, abolished and handed over to the sole power that has the means and ability to administer it for the common good.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 3, 1869.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

Notice to News Agents.

We are preparing to issue a series of handsome show bills, and to insure their efficient circulation, we desire to place ourselves in direct communication with all the News Agents throughout the United States. News Agents who have not yet received our circulars, will please forward to this office their business cards, or addresses in full.

HENRY J. RAYMOND.

In unison with the voice of all our contemporaries, and in accord with a sentiment of sorrow as general as it is sincere, we are called upon to give our tribute of respect for the late Henry Jarvis Raymond. That distinguished journalist and statesman died suddenly, of apoplexy, on the morning of June 18, at his residence in the city of New York. From the columns of the New York Times, of which Mr. Raymond was the founder and editor, we gather the prominent features of his active, earnest and successful career.

He was born in the village of Lima, Livingston county, N. Y., on the 24th of January, 1820. His father was a farmer of limited means, but highly respected among his neighbors. The first school-days of the subject of our sketch were passed at the district school, in the vicinity of his father's house. He entered the University of Vermont in the summer of 1836, and four years later graduated at the head of his class in all branches of study.

Taking up his abode in New York city, he entered at once upon the study of the law in

the office of Mr. E. W. Marsh, but was compelled to devote a good deal of his time to earning a living, which he did by teaching a Latin class in a classical school, by writing for the New Yorker, at first without any remuneration, and by correspondence with the country press. The first editor who engaged his services in that capacity was Mr. E. D. Mansfield, then editor of the Cincinnati Chronicle, and since, perhaps, better known as the "Veteran Observer" of the New York Times, who paid him \$5 a week for daily news-letters to his journal.

When Mr. Greeley established the Tribune in the spring of 1841, he retained Mr. Raymond's services as assistant editor. In his "Recollections of a Busy Life," Mr. Greeley pays a very high compliment to his untiring industry, and his incessant devotion to the duties of his position.

Mr. Raymond left the Tribune in 1843, to accept an editorial position on the New York Courier and Enquirer, which he held until 1851, when he resigned.

Mr. Raymond's career as a public man, outside of journalism, commenced in 1849. In this year he was elected by the Whigs of his district to the State Legislature. Re-elected the following year, he was chosen Speaker of the Assembly, and again, in 1852, was chosen Speaker by a large majority over Hon. Horatio Seymour.

On the 18th of September, 1851, Mr. Raymond published the first number of the New York Times, a daily political newspaper, with which his name was to be henceforth closely identified until the day of his death.

In 1852 he attended the Whig National Convention at Baltimore. Mr. Raymond's speech in exposition and defense of the political sentiment of the North in regard to the extension of slavery into the National Territories was among the earliest, as it was one of the most powerful expressions of the political policy which the whole North soon came to adopt as its own.

In 1854 Mr. Raymond was elected Lieutenant-Governor of this State by the Whig party, on the ticket with Hon. Myron H. Clark.

On the disruption of the old Whig party, consequent upon the defeat of General Scott, Mr. Raymond took an active part in the organization of the Republican party.

In the memorable Presidential campaign of 1860, which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States, he bore a conspicuous part, and both in his journal and in public speeches contributed largely to the success of the new party.

The deceased was never a decided party man. In sympathy he was with the Republicans, but his course was never, to say, positive—decided. He was moderate in his views both in Congress—to which he was elected from the Sixth Congressional District in the autumn of 1864—and as a member of the Philadelphia National Convention. Indeed, he was charged by his political friends with lukewarmness, and by opponents with being on the fence. He was misunderstood. In the House of Representatives he was far from being a cipher. His speech, the first he delivered in the House, was in opposition to Thad. Stevens's theory of "dead States." His argument was, that as the acts of the so-called seceding States were nullities, they could not be out of the Union, and were, therefore, not "dead." A month later he delivered another speech in opposition to the doctrine that had been enunciated by Mr. Shellabarger, and, consistently with these opinions, he opposed the bill reported by Mr. Stevens from the Reconstruction Committee, to provide military governments for the Southern States.

Mr. Raymond was one of the ablest debaters and hardest workers in the Thirty-ninth Congress, and his name is intimately connected with many of its wisest measures. On the expiration of his term he was pressed to accept a re-nomination by prominent gentlemen of both the great parties, but he positively declined, and withdrawing himself almost wholly from public life, devoted his time and his pen to the journal of which he stood as the acknowledged head. Subsequently, in 1867, he was offered the mission to Austria, by the President, but declined it—notwithstanding which fact the then President had the delicacy to send his name to the Senate. Mr. Raymond cared little for politics. He was essentially a journalist. He was fond of travel, and has visited Europe three times. While in Italy in 1859, Mr. Raymond witnessed the progress of the battle of Solferino, and his description of it was the first that appeared in any American newspaper.

In his private relations Mr. Raymond was exceedingly amiable, and warmly beloved by his associates and employees. He was, when mistakes happened in the conduct of the paper, at all times ready to listen to explanations, and treat those who were derelict in their duties not only justly but courteously. He was never known to be angry, never in a passion.

To sum up his character in a few words, Mr. Raymond was a sincere, good man—one, who, while he could never by intimidation or political pressure be driven from his convictions, was ever ready to listen to the reasonings of his friends, and enemies even, and promptly correct errors when satisfied they were such. His biographer in the Times, in closing his sketch of his deceased friend's career as a politician and journalist, thus briefly rehearses his acts, public and private, during the last hours of his life, which to the end was an active one:

"Mr. Raymond passed the afternoon previous to his death in Greenwood, making arrangements for the interment of his son Walter's remains, and called at the office of the Times about 6 o'clock in the evening. After a few minutes' conversation with the writer of this sketch, on matters pertaining to the business of the paper, he returned home. After dinner he sat with his family and some friends who came in until between 9 and 10 o'clock, when he left them to attend a political consultation; and his family saw no more of him until he was discovered about 2.30 next morning, lying in the

hallway unconscious and apparently dying. He had locked the outside door and shut the inner one, and was then apparently stricken with the malady that closed his life. The most eminent medical aid was at once summoned, and the utmost that science and skill could do were done, in vain. He remained unconscious, and died tranquilly about 5 o'clock in the morning."

EVENING.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

With what ineffable awe of buoyancy
She soars into the realms of her delight,
Where most fantastic constellations be,
Where comets shake their fiery plumes with
glee,
Where nebulous flakes are brooding fair and
free,
And countless orbits flash and wind and
disunite!
Great mystic eyes upon the gloom are shining,
Great shadowy arms with other arms entwining,
Great solemn wings the purple depths divining,
And vaster caverns of space yawn halfalight—
And yet the thrill of every leaf and tree,
The swirl across his honey of the bee,
The bird who stirs in the dead of the dark to
free
The fragment of some dream of melody,
She answers through her pulses: as the sea,
Drawing long ebbs, remote and lazulite,
Feels the fresh dew dropped from some forest
tree,
Filled in the heart of some soft noon-wrap-
ped gloom,
To speed a thousand leagues its murmurous
flight.
Nor one sole system throbs itself to her
Whose influences reach the infinite,
For lo! with radiant ripple and silent stir,
All things spring forward to encounter doom,
The moon, below, bursting long clouds with
bloom,
Large in the vapor hangs her crimson light,
And stars, keen-orbed in passionless serenity,
Their silver-spiked chariot axes boom
Scattering upon the dusk a spray more
bright—
Though cycles distant, at her call they come,
Sad sentinels through all a summer's night.

UNITED AT LAST.

MARY HARRIS and Alfred Freeman married out of spite; and each felt after the ceremony was over that a stupidly wicked deed had been completed. Dame Grundy avowed it "a splendid match," but then the astute lady considers love an obsolete term, an emotion which cultured humanity should utterly ignore. Old Sol—whose presence on such occasions is by some thought indispensable—deigned to grace their wedding morn in golden splendor; parents smiled, and friends congratulated, but notwithstanding the unmistakable satisfaction of nature-relatives and society, the young couple began their bridal tour in a state of despondency passing description. They had now been home six weeks, and while their lives appeared calm and unruffled, under the surface was a continual whirlpool of eddying currents which imperceptibly roughened their whole intercourse.

"Mary," said Mr. Freeman, one morning, buttoning his heavy overcoat preparatory to leaving for business, "I shall probably be detained at the office until late this evening; you needn't wait dinner."

"Very well," she replied coldly. "Mother is coming over to spend the day, so I won't be lonely."

He smiled bitterly.

"Loneliness is better than unpleasant company—at least so my experience declares," and without waiting a reply, left the house.

"Oh, dear," murmured the young wife, as, turning to the window, she watched him battle the driving storm. "Our life is a perpetual combat, none the less dangerous for being cleverly concealed. His fetters are galling, and once in a while his misery must break through its self-imposed bonds. I can understand by my own experience, for did I not at first reciprocate this hatred and contempt? but now his magnanimity has earned my honor, his manliness my respect, and—well! I am just as unhappy, only in another way."

Scornfully dashing away a tear, she hurried to the music-room, from whence soon issued defiant noisy strains, testifying discordantly to their producer's inharmonious mood.

"Alfred," said Mrs. Freeman, some days after, "supposing we have a little reception next week? they are much more pleasant than large gatherings."

"Anything for a change?" he answered carelessly. "Whom do you propose inviting?"

Mary Freeman was something of a diplomat, and originated this idea for the sole purpose of discovering how her husband now regarded his old sweetheart. She had long since done away with her girlish romance, could even laugh at the many imperfections of its hero. But men's fancies, she argued, were more lasting, and proudly determining to return to her parents if his manner evidenced any affection for Maud Ashton, numbered over several of their clique, ending with the name of her supposed rival, while she closely noted her companion's expression.

"A very good list," he said, with a smile, when she had concluded; to her infinite amazement betraying not a particle of embarrassment. "But there is one you have omitted to mention," and he, in his turn, now became inquisitive.

"Who?" she asked, reflectively.

"Why, Henry Stetson. You know he has returned to the city?"

She laughed merrily.

"Oh! yes. Henry must be included; he didn't attend our wedding reception."

With a wondering, but relieved look, Mr. Freeman replied, and from that day the atmosphere surrounding their young hearts was mysteriously lightened.

The evening of the reception came round cold and clear. Host and hostess were radiant in the paraphernalia fashion ordains for such occasions, but beneath their gay attire and smiling demeanor there was observant a certain restlessness, which, between man and wife, denotes the fear that a perfect knowledge of each other's love alone can cast out. In couples, trios, and groups, their company assembled, until their spacious, brilliantly lighted drawing-room was comfortably filled.

"Mary," said Mr. Freeman, late in the evening, "I wish you would come with me." His eyes flashed angrily, and his brow was nervously contracted. She looked up in amazement—never before had she seen her self-possessed husband so agitated.

"What is it?" she asked, taking his arm, and trembling with a vague idea of some terrible calamity.

"Come and see," he answered, gloomily. Without another word she followed his guidance. When they reached the partly-closed library door, he stopped, and said in a low tone:

"Eavesdropping is not in my line of business, but I accidentally overheard the beginning of an unusually interesting conversation, and as you are the subject under discussion, have brought you here to refute, if possible, the calumnies in *propria persona*. Now listen!"

A voice, which she immediately distinguished as belonging to her old lover, said boastfully:

"Yes, sir! Mary Freeman to-day thinks more of your humble servant than of any other man in the universe."

"She managed to conceal her affection admirably to-night," observed his companion, ironically.

"Oh, yes, Mary always possessed a remarkable power of self-control. But I pity Freeman. Poor devil! it must be rough to have a wife whose every thought is centered on another."

Mrs. Freeman could listen no longer.

"Come in," she murmured, breathlessly. And arm in arm they stood before the speaker, who had ceased suddenly as the indignant couple entered.

"Mr. Stetson," began the lady, composedly, although her husband felt the little fingers resting on his coat-sleeve tremble convulsively, "I have been a listener to the latter portion of your very remarkable communication, and desire to correct the delusion under which you now labor. My husband is the first and only man I ever loved, so sympathy in that direction is unnecessary. Your egotism must needs be immense, to fashion affection out of the foolish flirtation in which I at one time engaged. Mr. Holmes," turning to the other gentleman, who was looking amusedly at his discomfited acquaintance, "if you hear elsewhere of this strange version, be kind enough to correct it on the spot."

He bowed respectfully, and, with a scornful glance at the crestfallen Stetson, husband and wife left the room, and, without a word, proceeded to their guests, who were about dispersing.

With intense mortification Mary Freeman, after recovering from her white heat of anger, reflected on the confession she had that evening made. Pride had been for a moment forgotten, but now resumed its old dominion. So, disgusted with herself and the world in general, she noted the last carriage roll off.

"Mary, will you come into the parlor a few moments?" asked her husband, with a peculiar expression, leading the way. She followed—how, indeed, could she do otherwise?—and, standing by the mantel, waited nervously for him to speak. "Mary, did pride prompt you to tell a falsehood this evening?"

Oh, how she longed to answer "Yes," but his dark, truthful eyes were searching her face, and she picked at a delicate lace handkerchief, vainly wishing herself away, it mattered little where.

"Will you not tell me?" he persisted, gently removing the tender web, and holding in his own firm grasp the destructive little fingers.

Somewhat, his clasp reassured her, and she looked timidly up, to meet a glance so laden with love and longing as to render further concealment impossible.

They understood each other then.

TOO TAME.

"THEN you have rejected him?"

"Of whom do you speak, father?"

"Giles Sanderson."

"No, father. To reject, one must have something offered."

"What! Ada Mortmain, do you tell me that he did not ask you?"

"Yes, father. I did not give him time. But undoubtedly I should have rejected him had I given him the opportunity to fall on his knees at my feet, etc., etc."

Doctor Mortmain looked aghast, but at last found words.

"Ada, what are your reasons?"

"I have but one: he is too tame."

"Tame! Good heavens, child! what do you mean?"

"I mean, father, there is no manhood about him. Almost a giant in form, he is yet but a weak, effeminate apology for a man; certainly not the person I should look to for protection."

"Not a hero, I presume," said the doctor, just a trifle vexed.

"And never will—never can be, father. Look at the thousands who have gone, and are still going, into the army, while he remains at home, intent only upon the gratification of self."

"And you do not love him?" asked the doctor, with a quizzical smile.

"Certainly not; but perhaps—"

"Yes, yes; perhaps you might if he was more

of a hero, and perhaps you may when it is too late. You have made a great mistake, Ada. You wrong Giles Sanderson."

"I think not, father. If he would give me some proof that he has the least courage about him, I might possibly regard him with less aversion."

"Well, well, Ada, I'll not dispute with you, but I am really sorry. Of all the young men of my acquaintance, I know not one that I would choose before Giles. As for joining the army, I do not know that it is a test of courage. He is doing more with his money and influence than he could to go down there and lose his head perhaps."

"And at the same time showing his cowardice. I do not doubt his patriotism, so long as he keeps out of the reach of bullets and sword-points, but I do doubt his courage."

"Well, I'll say no more, Ada; I called you here to speak of poor Mrs. Craiglin. Her little boy has just been here to tell me that she is sick, and as I am going there immediately, I thought it might be as well to take along something to make her comfortable. Please get a basket of such things as she will need, while I get the carriage."

When the carriage drove up to the door, Ada came out of the house dressed for the street, and carrying a well-filled basket.

"That's right Ada. Going down town? I can take you right there."

"I am going with you, father."

"Ha! ha! Going into the heroics yourself, are you?"

Ada made no reply, but sprang into the carriage, and her father took a seat beside her, an amused smile shortening his face.

Just as they were turning down the dark, narrow street which led to Mrs. Craiglin's, the doctor heard some one call to him, and stopping, a rough-clad workman came running from an alley hard by.

"Where are you going, doctor?"

"To Mrs. Craiglin's," said Doctor Mortmain; "she is sick."

"Yes, she is powerful bad; but there's a man just been there. But you mustn't go."

"Why?" asked the doctor, surprised.

"Riot! doctor. The draft has made the men crazy, and the women too, I reckon. Don't you hear that noise?"

"Yes; but I guess they will not touch me. What say you, Ada? Will you get out here?"

"No, father. Drive on. I'm not afraid."

Thanking the man, the doctor started down the street. They had not gone half the length of it, when they saw at the other end the mad, surging crowd, and a dozen or more of the rioters left the main body and made directly toward them, shouting and yelling like so many demons.

"Shall we turn back, Ada?" asked her father, who did not like the looks of the villains.

"No, father," replied Ada; "I am not so trembled a little."

They were but a few steps from Mrs. Craiglin's door when the mob met them, and all unexpectedly some of them grasped the bride, others pulled Doctor Mortmain to the ground, while the remainder laid violent hands on Ada; and cries of "Down with them! don't spare the beauty! no draft!" rent the air.

At the first movement Ada looked about her, hoping to find one friend—one man who had not yet lost all human feelings—and her eyes fell upon the well-known form of Giles Sanderson running to the rescue.

"Back! back!" he shouted, fighting his way to Ada's side. Back, I say! and he dealt blows right and left; the suddenness of the attack disconcerted the rioters, and for a moment they fell back. The next they were pressing toward the carriage again.

Giles, though he knew he had no chance against such odds, still held his ground, hoping that he could keep them at bay until Ada could escape.

How noble he looked to Ada, his eye flashing contempt, and his giant-like form braced for the onset.

"Run, Ada!" he whispered. "I will try and hold them for a moment."

Doctor Mortmain, who had been released when Giles made his unexpected appearance, now hurried up to Sanderson's aid.

"Run, Ada, and we will follow when you are safe."

Ada saw that she could do no good, and also that neither Giles nor her father would think of leaving while she was there, so she jumped out of the carriage and started with all speed up the street.

She had taken but a few steps when she heard a volley of musketry, and, looking around, she saw a squad of soldiers hurrying to the rescue. She paused a moment, and saw the rioters scatter in all directions; then she ran back to her father, and was just in time to see four soldiers lifting the body of Giles Sanderson into the carriage.

"Father! father!"

"Hush, Ada! We cannot tell yet," said the doctor.

"Come, you must go home now."

Ada followed without a word, her eyes fixed upon the vehicle, which drove along at a funeral pace. When they came out into the broad streets again, Doctor Mortmain called a carriage, and sent Ada home. There she waited and waited all through the day, and way into the night. Just as the clock was striking for midnight, she heard her father's step at the door, and she flew to meet him.

"Tell me, father!"

"I cannot, Ada," said he. "I have just left him. He may live an hour; he may live until morning, and he may get well."

"Thank God he is not dead! He must not die. Can I see him, father?"

Doctor Mortmain looked down into the pale, agonized face of his daughter, and replied:

"Yes, Ada, if you love him."

"I do, father," she whispered, softly. "I always have, father."

"I knew it, Ada—I knew it! and I hope it

is not too late. I go back in half an hour. Be ready."

Ada was ready long before the half hour was past, and she went with her father to the home of Giles Sanderson. There she remained until he was out of danger, and there she yet remains, mistress of his princely home, a loved and loving wife and mother; and if she sometimes falls into her old habit of hero-worship, she never looks further for her hero than Giles Sanderson, and never calls him "Too tame."

THE JUBILEE.

THE programme of the Great National Peace Jubilee at Boston has been carried out with a completeness of detail that must be considered remarkable, in view of the magnitude of the undertaking. Columns upon columns in the journals of the country have been devoted to descriptions of this extraordinary Musical Festival, and hundreds of thousands of people, whether denizens of Boston, or visitors from all parts of the United States, have attested the success of the gigantic enterprise. Even from the far off Pacific coast, taking advantage of the timely completion of the Pacific railroad, a number of persons came to swell the vast concourse that assembled within the spacious walls of the Coliseum.

In our last issue we reviewed the proceedings of the opening day. One feature, however, of the initiatory exercises we illustrate in this number, in a fine double-page engraving, which includes a view of the grand organ and orchestra, and will constitute one of the most interesting of our series of Jubilee Illustrations. The inauguration of the Great Festival took place shortly after three P. M. on the 15th June. The Rev. E. E. Hale asked divine blessing, closing with the Lord's Prayer. Mayor Shurtleff delivered the welcome address. He said:

To this national festival, instituted to commemorate the return of peace to our country, the restoration of our ancient liberties unimpaired, our national bonds of union unbroken, and our honor and credit unsullied, Boston welcomes you all most sincerely and cordially. Let this welcome extend as widely as the beneficial and glorious effects of our happy peace can reach and be felt, that all nations and all tongues may join in the joyful strains, and let the glad music of this jubilee resound in one acclamation throughout the world, and be echoed and re-echoed to the remotest regions of the universe. Domestic strife has ended; peace and harmony prevail. The sons of the Union rejoice in liberty and friendship. All, then, are welcome to join with us in singing the praises of the great Ruler of events, who has vouchsafed to us the most estimable of all blessings. May the harmony of the occasion strike deep into the breasts of us all, and leave within our nature the most sacred and lasting impression, and may peace and good will forever reign triumphant. Welcome, thrice welcome, are all, to this our Festival of Peace.

The Hon. A. H. Rice followed the Mayor as orator of the day. In the course of his speech, which was of considerable length, he said:

It is ordained in the affairs of men that the highest triumph of victory is the most perfect peace, and loudest din of battle hushed in the melody of song. In entire agreement with this thought convenes this vast assembly, larger than was ever before gathered in a single audience-room upon this continent; gathered from the East, from the West, from the North, and from the South, to blend the power of numbers and the harmony of sound together; multiplied voice and instrument of every name in sending up to heaven and forth to men a psalm of great joy over the restoration of domestic peace, and the renewal of prosperity to our common country.

He then paid a tribute to P. S. Gilmore, as one to whom rightfully belongs the crowning honors of the day, and also made honorable mention of Parepa and Ole Bull.

THE COLISEUM ORGAN.

The instrument constructed by E. & G. G. Hook, of Boston Highlands, for the Coliseum, is of wonderful power. It has but a single manual, besides the pedals and sub-bass, but is capable of all desirable combinations, and is an organ complete in itself. Repeated experiments were necessary to get pipes of sufficient compass as well as excellence, but the experiments were successful, and the result was the production of an instrument which for volume of sound could not be surpassed by a union of the four largest organs in Boston, while at the same time its tones are rich, and of excellent quality. This power is due not only to the capabilities of the tubes, but to the immense pressure of air brought to bear on them—four thousand pounds. The *tuba mirabilis* stop, which forms the chief element of strength, is to be found in but two other organs in the country—both built by the Messrs. Hook—one of them that in Henry Ward Beecher's church. There are 12 complete sounding stops, with 160 pipes connected. The instrument is 22 feet broad, and 30 feet high to the top of the highest pipe. The lower part, to the height of 8 feet, is cased in walnut and chestnut, but the pipes rise above—naked into the air—in regular gradations and with picturesque effects.

The necessity of such an organ, as a base for the grand chorals, was apparent long since, but its construction was an uncertainty till the Messrs. Hook placed terms before the committee that they could not decline. All the resources of the establishment were brought into play, and, from new material, in just four weeks the instrument was constructed. It is valued at \$10,000, and after the jubilee is to be still the property of the Messrs. Hook, they receiving several thousand dollars for its use. They are entitled to this, and to public thanks as well, as will be conceded when it is stated that such an organ is not fitted for ordinary church purposes, and must remain on their hands unless engaged by some institution of music, or enlarged, by the addition of other manuals, into another "great organ," for whoever has scores of thousands to pay for it. The organ works with remarkable ease, by pneumatic power, although the manual is 20 feet away from it, facing the parquette. This organ, with its Titanic voices, is one of the wonders of the wonderful week of jubilee.

The interest of the second day's proceedings was enhanced by the presence of President

Grant, who left his hotel on the morning of the 16th under escort of the Legislative Committee and a corps of cavalry, arriving at the State House about 11 o'clock. An immense mass of people greeted the President on the route. Secretary Boutwell, Admiral Farragut, Governor Chamberlain, and several other civil and military dignitaries were in the Presidential suite. On reaching the State House, the President was formally introduced to Governor Claflin. The Governor said:

MR. PRESIDENT—In behalf of the people of the Commonwealth I welcome you to her capital. They thank you for the marked recognition which you have been pleased to give to her by calling to your counsels some of her most distinguished citizens. We concur in your policy, and have implicit confidence that your administration in the civil department will be as successful as it was in war during the rebellion. Trusting that your visit may be as agreeable to you as it is gratifying to us, I again bid you a cordial welcome.

President Grant responded to the Governor as follows:

It affords me great pleasure to visit the capital of the State which has done so much for my support, and for the support of the Union in the time of the great rebellion—a State whose principles did so much to give me whatever political position I have attained, and a State where I have received such a hearty welcome in other days.

The engraving on our front page represents the reception given to the President in the Committee-room of the Coliseum, which, with its tasteful floral decorations, presented a charming *coup d'œil*. We shall not enter into the details of the many and enthusiastic ovations of which the republic's Chief Magistrate was the recipient on the part of the authorities, the military organization, and the people of Boston. However, our artist has given a picture of the scene at the Coliseum upon the arrival of the distinguished guest.

On entering the main building, and on it becoming known to the vast audience seated and standing within its walls that the President, with his suite, was present, all arose to their feet as if by a common impulse, and while he stood, hat in hand, in the presence of, and bowing to, the mighty throng, a cheer from sixty thousand throats went up, and filled the far-extending structure. It was like the roar of the sea as the waves, driven by the storm, lash themselves against a rock-bound coast. Nothing could be grander, more solemn, or even more musical, than was that swelling, uprising, surging, and then quickly subsiding shout. It is not possible to convey the impression which such a chorus of voices gave in that cheer, or, rather, succession of cheers, that rose and fell and dashed and surged about, as only human voices, influenced by strong emotion, can. For full five minutes were these cheers continued from audience and chorus and orchestra, accompanied by the waving of thousands of handkerchiefs in the hands of women fair as the houris in Mohammed's heaven. When this mighty welcome, so in consonance with the

and the accompaniment, had subsided, orchestra and organ struck in with the strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and then, as the music progressed, at a signal from Mr. Gilmore's baton, ten thousand souls, in colossal chorus, gave voice to the words of the anthem:

See the conquering hero comes.

Our engraving represents the reception of the President at the moment the anthem was finished, when again the audience stood up, almost involuntarily, and gave another round of cheers, accompanied by the waving of handkerchiefs.

The battery of Parrott guns placed immediately without were manipulated within the Coliseum, in front of the conductor's stand. This was done by touching, at the proper moment, the keys of an electrical instrument, to which the guns were connected by wires, precisely as are struck the keys of an organ or piano when harmony in the measurement of time is demanded. The Parrotts were added to increase the effect in certain passages of music—as the *basso profundo*, deeper even than the deepest notes of the organ, which, of itself, was a wonder in the volume of sound it gave out, filling the vast structure with a roar that even the voice of the tempest could scarcely surpass. At the wave of the conductor's baton the lightning was unchained by the operator sitting before the electrical machine, and instantly the note, in perfect time, was heard from the gun without that was thus discharged of its contents. The effect was grand beyond conception. The note could not, by the best ear, have been more accurately measured. It came in with the deep voice of the organ, the roar of the wind and the cry of the strident instruments, and softened into a cadence poetically harmonious by the ten thousand voices that joined the chorus-army, which, like the pulsations of the ocean, rose and fell at the bidding of the magic wand that Mr. Gilmore so deftly handled.

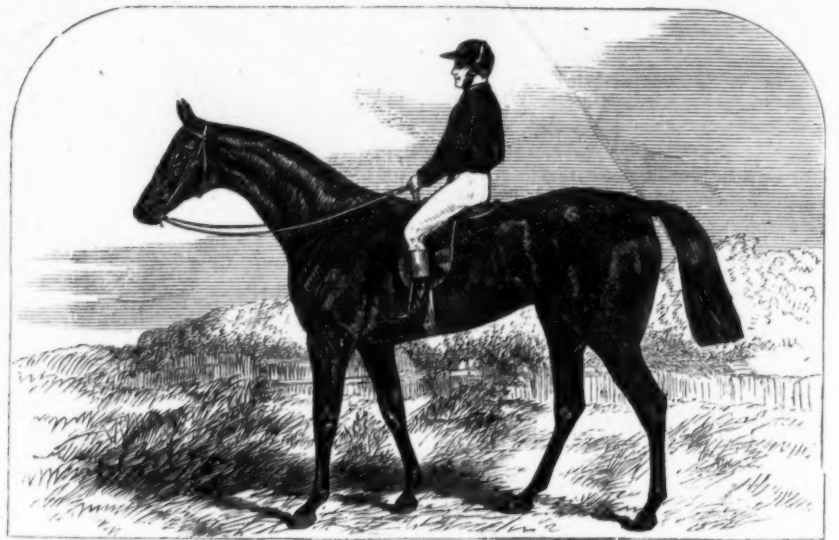
The reporters' room was conveniently furnished for the representatives of the press from distant cities, an arrangement rarely thought of by those who, while they expect their doings shall be trumpeted to the world, care little for the personal comfort of the gentlemen who disinterestedly labor in their behalf. The reporters' room had every convenience. Not only were there tables, chairs, pens, paper and ink ready for instant use, but almost at their hands were telegraph batteries arranged, by which dispatches could without delay be sent over the wires to the most distant places on the continent. Of course the recipients were duly grateful for a courtesy which, unsolicited by any of their number, had been extended to them by the getters-up of the monster concert, and, doubtless, had no little influence in giving a rosy color to their letters descriptive of the Grand Jubilee.

So much space is necessarily occupied this week by our illustrations of current events that we are compelled to interrupt the publication of the Hon. E. G. Squier's interesting series of "Tongues from Tombs." They will be resumed in the next number.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 247.



CEREMONY OF THE FESTIVAL OF ST. FORT, IN THE CRYPT OF THE CHURCH OF ST. SEURIN, BORDEAUX, FRANCE.



PRETENDER, WINNER OF THE DERBY.



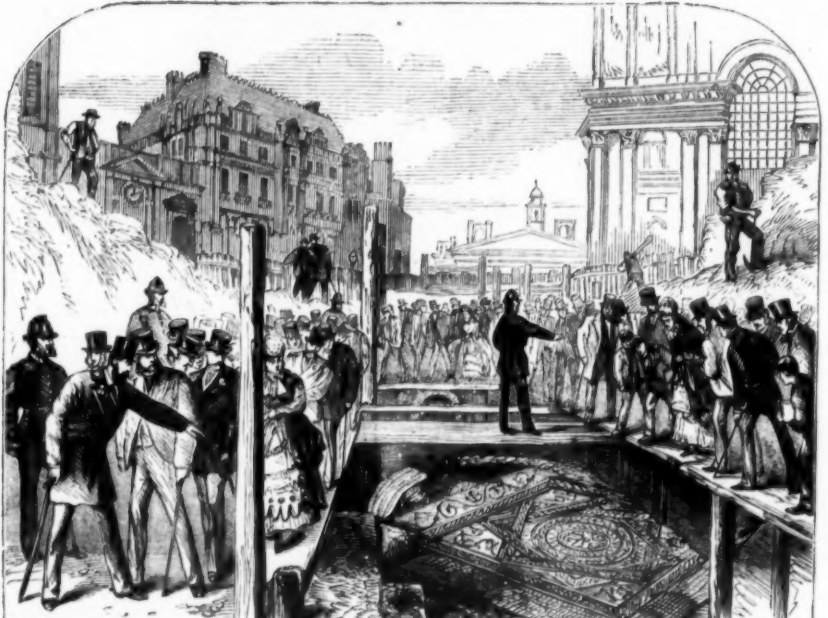
THE DURBAR AT UMBALLAH—MEETING OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA AND THE AMEER OF CABOOL.



THE LADIES' WALK AT CAIRO, EGYPT.



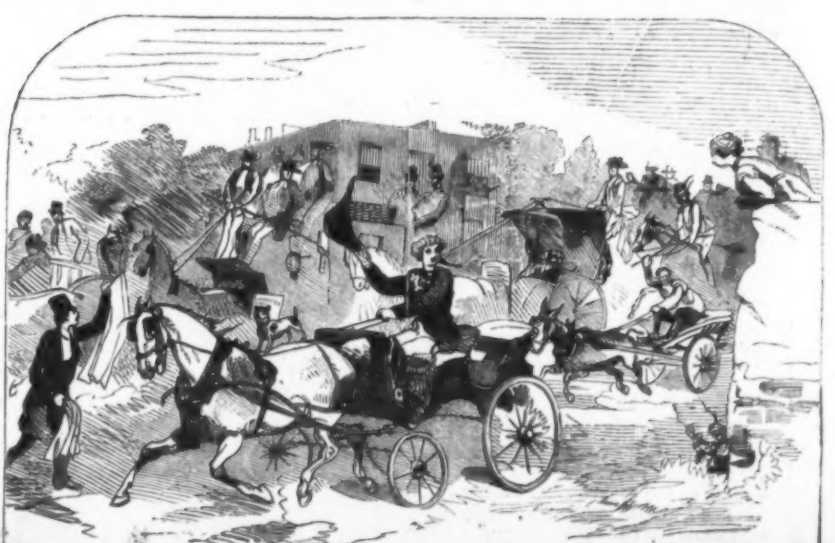
THE CRIMEA REVISITED—RUINS OF THE CITY OF SEBASTOPOL.



ROMAN PAVEMENT FOUND IN THE POULTRY, NEAR THE MANSION HOUSE, LONDON.



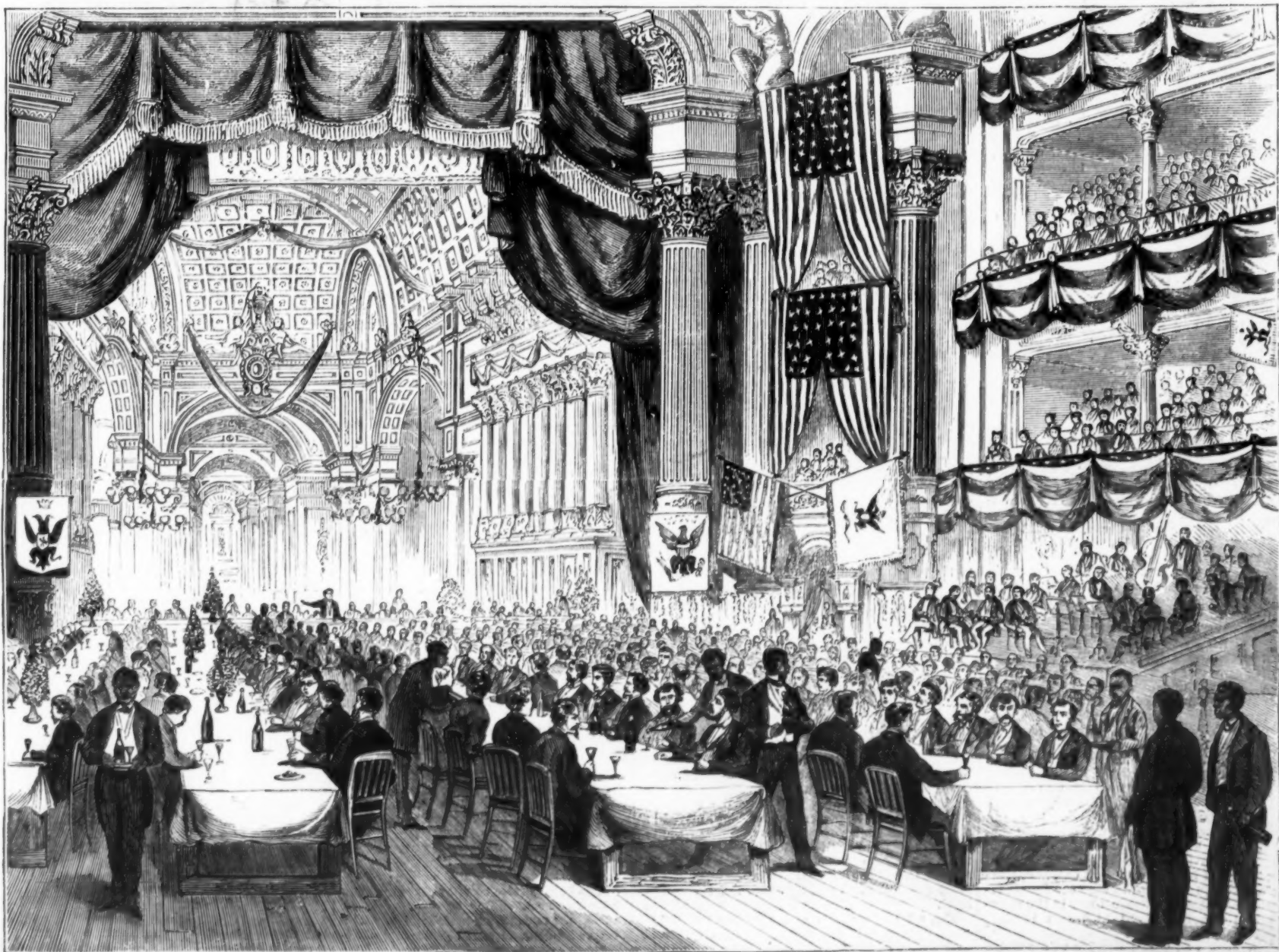
SCENES AT THE D'ERBY—ON THE DOWNS.



SCENES AT THE DERBY—AN ECCENTRIC TURN-OUT.



THE REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, JUNE 12TH.—A RACE IN A STORM—THE YACHT PHANTOM DISABLED BY THE GALE.—SEE PAGE 247.



THE BANQUET TO HON. ANDREW G. CURTIN, AMERICAN MINISTER TO RUSSIA, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA, PA. JUNE 12TH.—SEE PAGE 247.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

I AM but an unknown poet;
All her thirst is for renown;
Could I but win fame, and throw it
At her feet, she might look down—
Might, perhaps, think I could muster
Brains enough to serve her end,
Think, perchance, sufficient lustre
Might be hers by what I pen'd.
But although in realms of verses
I put heart, and soul, and brains,
Critics (full of tender mercies!)
Scarcely thank me for my pains.
And my lady, colder growing,
Smiling, stabs me to the heart:
"Dearest one, as things are going,
Would it not be best to part?"
So she leaves me—bitter curses
Vex my bosom for a while;
But when next I publish verses,
Lo, behold the critics smile!

ASKAROS KASSIS,
THE COPT.

A ROMANCE OF MODERN EGYPT.

BY EDWIN DE LEON,
LATE U. S. CONSUL-GENERAL IN EGYPT.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE SEARCH THROUGH THE NIGHT.

THE Doseh was over: the crowd dispersed and the officials departed. Askaros, after accompanying the cortege back to the Consular residence, impatiently turned his steps toward his own house, to see himself in the smiles of his young wife, and seek an antidote, in her society, for the disgust and depression the scenes he had just witnessed had inspired in his breast.

It was about sunset when he reached his house, and great was his disappointment at not finding Edith there to welcome him, which was the more singular since she had never before ventured out without his protection. No one could tell whether she had gone; but his anxiety was dispelled when he learned she had been accompanied, not only by an old and confidential servant, who was a kind of house-keeper, but by Ferraj and another man-servant also. He was told they had only left the house half an hour before his reaching it.

A little annoyed, and inspired by a vague uneasiness, which he condemned himself for as childish, Askaros restlessly paced up and down the long apartment, unable to sit, smoke or read, vexed at himself for the nervous feeling he could not conquer, and almost irritated against his young wife, for the first time, for the disquiet she was occasioning him.

Vainly did he reason with himself against the presentiment of evil, and the cloud of some coming sorrow, which rested like a black shadow over his soul, and which he imputed to the morbid frame of mind induced by the spectacle he had seen that day. But his reason and judgment were not strong enough to dissipate this shadow; and as the evening wore on, and his wife did not return, nor her attendants come back to notify him of the cause of her detention, his uneasiness rose to keen anxiety, and his nervousness increased to such an extent that he found himself utterly unable longer to endure it, and felt he must go forth to seek her, and gain relief from his own suspense by active search for her.

The vague presentiment of evil, which had in the beginning been as formless and shapeless as that phantom thing of unutterable horror shadowed forth by the greatest genius of modern romance, in his "Dweller on the Threshold," now began, like that loathsome thing, to assume shape and form, and his busy fancy, under the inspiration of fear, conjured up terrible images of woe and horror. Almost every description of accident or outrage which could be visited upon a frail timid woman, and an infidel, by the hands of the crazy fanatics let loose on the city on this day of unbridled license, ran riot in his imagination; and he shuddered as he recalled to his memory many of the repulsive and frenzied faces of those fanatics which he had seen in the crowd that day, any one of whom would deem he did Allah a service by slaying or maltreating an infidel woman and a Frank.

True, Ferraj was with her, and would protect her. Yet he was only one man, and powerless against numbers. A thrill of fierce anger against Ferraj and the female servant, alternated with the grief at his heart. Why had they not warned Edith of the danger of going out that day? They well knew it! and he cursed the blind obedience of Eastern slaves, which made them renounce almost the right and the exercise of independent thought in such cases as this.

But had anything really happened, one of the servants would have come back to tell the tale. He was disquieting himself idly. Edith had only gone to visit El Warda, feeling lonely in his absence, and not knowing how soon he would return. What a fool he was to torture himself needlessly! He would go to the house of El Warda forthwith, where he was sure to find Edith, and they would have a good laugh over his imaginary terrors, of which he began to feel ashamed; yet there was a sinking sensation at his heart which belied these hopeful thoughts. Having formed his determination, he proceeded hastily to carry it out, and leaving a message for Edith in case she should return in his absence, strode away in the direction of the house where El Warda resided, which was not far distant.

With hope and fear fluttering wildly at his heart, he reached the house, and to his eager inquiries the Boab responded that the Sitta

Edith had not been there that day, he was quite sure, and that the Sitta El Warda herself had not been home since midday.

"They are together, then, somewhere," said Askaros to himself, catching at that hope, after the first cold thrill of disappointment had passed; "perhaps at the Coptic convent. I will see."

Arrived at the convent, he was told, in answer to his inquiry, that El Warda was there, but not his wife, whom they had not seen. He asked to see El Warda, and learned from her, to his surprise, that she had neither seen nor heard from Edith that day; but suggested she was in the habit of visiting the American missionaries' wives very often, and might have gone there.

Askaros caught at the idea, and rushed off immediately to the Syrian quarter, where dwelt the missionaries, to reach which he had to cross the Ezbekieh, as it was on the opposite side of the city.

To his inquiries there, at each house successively, the same response, "She had not been there!"

Turning his footsteps homeward, he consoled himself with the thought that while he was racing over Cairo after his wife, she, doubtless, had returned home, and was impatiently awaiting his return also. At the thought, he quickened his pace, and almost gayly ran through the garden on reaching his house, framing some tender reproach for her as he went.

But a bolt of ice seemed to penetrate his heart when the Boab, in response to his eager question, answered:

"Sitta barra—Moosh foak!" (The lady is out—not come home).

He staggered against the door, and gasped for breath, like one who has received a deadly blow. A horrible thought crept into his brain, and curdled his blood.

"Could the vengeance of the Princess Neze have taken this direction, and stricken him in the point she knew the most vulnerable? Were his pleasant vices, by a dreadful retribution, thus to be made the whips to scourge him?"

His hair bristled on his head at the thought of Edith's being in the power of the wicked woman, whom, in the revulsion of his sentiments from fondness to loathing, he believed fully capable of the commission of any crime.

Had she not warned him that her hate was as strong as her love, and her vengeance sure against all who offended her? By a refinement of cruelty, might she not have seized his heart, his soul, and keep it in her hands to torture? Nay, was not her purpose already effected, and the commencement of her triumph insured by the torture he was then undergoing? Might not she, adept as she was in cruelty, protract the agonies of that suspense until they became unendurable—until his brain gave way under the intolerable pressure which weighed upon it, and her work ended, as with her own father, in the madness of the victim? Was he not on the eve of going mad now? for he felt the hot blood surging up into his head, and bounding madly through his arteries, while his eyeballs were injected with blood, and his brain grew incapable of connected thought—one idea, like the echo of a cuckoo-clock, alone ringing through his mind:

"Go and find her at Neze's palace! Save her from the tigress!"

All that has taken so long to describe, passed with electric rapidity through the mind of Askaros as he leaned against the door of his own dwelling, after receiving the Boab's answer.

Raising himself suddenly from that support, the astonished Boab saw him rush wildly back through the garden path by which he had come, heard the gate close heavily behind him, as, with despair in his heart, and desperate resolve on his face strained almost to insanity, and with wild bloodshot eyes, which seemed not to see the objects before them, but to be strained on vacancy, the half-maddened husband staggered forth like an intoxicated man into the starless night, bent on carrying out his desperate resolve of rushing again into the den of the tigress, from which he had before so narrowly escaped.

The night was an unusual one for Cairo, for it was a stormy and a black one. Neither moon nor star was visible in the black rack of clouds which obscured the sky, and hung, like a pall, over the still city, as though the angry heavens frowned on the place and people who had offended them by the spectacle of that day. From the side on which lay the desert came a low moaning sound, with puffs of hot air—the breath of the distant Khamseen then howling over the desert; and blood-red gleams on the black sky, in the same direction, followed by fitful flashes of forked lightning, showed there was a tempest brewing in the elements, as well as raging in the soul of the solitary man, who swept along on his mad errand, heedless of all the presages of earth, air and sky, regardless of the coming storm, and as fully possessed by the devils which rent and tore heart body and brain, as was ever demoniac in Holy Writ.

On through the deserted city, he rushed out upon the road to Boulak. The hot wind from the desert, bearing its fiery sand with it, swept wildly over the open country, and with it, for the first time in seven years, rushed down a deluge of rain, which excited mothers, crouching in the half-opened doors of their mud-huts, were showing their astonished younger children, who had never seen such a sight before as water falling from heaven!

The forked lightning following the crashing thunder, which pealed like artillery, played around the distant dome and minarets of the Citadel, and lit up with a lurid glare the rushing river, the sharp cones of the Pyramids, and the solemn stone face of the Sphinx, looming out more weird-like and ghastly under this spectral light.

But all these sights and sounds of terror were unheeded by the solitary living creature to be seen on that deserted road—every dumb animal, as well as man, having sought shelter—who rushed on regardless of howling Khamseen

wind, burning into his brain—of rain that drenched him through his thin garments—or lightning-flash that played around his head, striking sometimes a palm-tree close at hand, whose shivered boughs and scattered dates would strike him.

Onward! ever onward he rushed, on as wild a race and in almost as spectral a shape as the horseman of *Burger's* ballad, who sought also his bride—but to bear her from this to another world—until the fire in his brain could sustain his falling limbs no longer against fatigue and exposure to the elements, while the fever rioting in his blood was fed by the poisonous Khamseen wind scorching brain and marrow. But still he staggered forward—until, as he reached the central market of Boulak, yet pressing on toward that fatal palace, the earth reeled under his feet as in an earthquake, and he fell, stretched on the ground, without sense or motion, just as the Muezzin's cry proclaimed the midnight hour.

At early dawn a party of Fellahs bringing their produce to the market, found lying there the body of a man, not dead, for the breath came gaspingly from the laboring chest, but sore stricken with fever, and when they sought to question him, raving wildly, in their own and strange tongues, of secret foes and deadly perils to be met and conquered. Among his ravings their quick ears caught the name of Neze Khanum—on which they shook their heads, and limited to each other the sipping of a cup of coffee—in suggestion of poison.

Finding him richly dressed, with a precious ring on his finger, they summoned the Sheikh of the quarter, who caused him to be placed upon a litter, and conveyed to Cairo, where he was placed in the mosque called the *Mauristan*, the madhouse of that city, where he would be kept until his friends should claim him—nothing found on his person indicating who he was, or whence he came.

And there for the present we must leave him, resuming his interrupted search for the lost wife—so nearly now a widow.

Incidents of Travel in Texas
Since the War.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL,

AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER," "ROMANCE OF STUDENT LIFE," "UNDERCURRENTS," "WAS HE SUCCESSFUL," ETC.

XII.

I AWAITED Case's return from Waco with great impatience. Pete and I kept very busy meantime. My new acquisition turned out to be a prize. There was no mistake about it. True, his wandering, hap-hazard life for the last few years had not improved his habits for industry. He exhibited a disposition for skipping from one thing to another, and not sticking to his task till it was finished; but his good nature was unrelenting, he was apt in the use of every implement that came to his hand, and he settled himself in his quarters at the Englishman's Nose as if he never dreamed of having any other home.

I had discovered several treasures on my premises for which I was doubtless indebted to the good taste of the old Englishman. Among these were some grape-vines, which Miller told me were of the finest description, and a number of fruit trees. I say that I discovered them, but the truth is, Pete first pointed them out to me. He was overjoyed to find so many "improvements" on the place, and said it put him in mind of "Old Alabama."

On the fourth day succeeding the bringing of Pete from the village, and but little after "sun-up" (I had already taken my breakfast at Miller's and gone to my ranch), I say on the fourth day after hiring Pete, for I dated all subsequent events from that period, as the Mohammedans mark theirs from the heira of the prophet, I was seated in a truly patriarchal manner in the door of my cabin, watching my man, who was a little way off, at work at the fence.

Attracted by some sounds in the distance, I lifted my eyes and beheld, to me, a very welcome sight. It was Case and old Joe and my wagon-load of things.

I ran to meet him.

"I guess you are glad to see me," he said. "I was detained a day at Waco unexpectedly. Why, how grand we look," he continued, as he came nearer.

I had scarcely stopped to notice the improved appearance of everything about my house, which was due to Pete's ready handwork, but now that I did survey it, I confess I was as much struck as my friend.

"Why, what have you been doing here?" he exclaimed. "I never saw such a change in so short a time. Hallo! who have you there?" pointing to Pete.

"That's my man."

"Bravo? Engaged him?"

"Yes."

"Where did you pick him up?"

"Why, massa," interrupted old Joe, "that's Alabama Pete—heard him say more than a week ago that he was gwyne for to work with Massa Ferris."

So it seemed that Pete had planned and successfully executed his little piece of strategy for putting himself in employ.

I laughed, saying: "I suppose Pete knew it, but I didn't."

"Well, I dare say he will do for you first-rate. He does not get along well where there are other men," said Case.

"Wants his own way too much, massa," chimed in Joe, with the liberty which old negroes always take. "A 'celted nigger; telling other folks how to raise cotton; never seed him break his own back a-doing it."

We had now reached my cabin, and came to a halt before its door. I called Pete, and we proceeded to unload the little stock of things which was to furnish my place and let me up as a housekeeper. I had previously arranged where

to put the various articles, and we placed them accordingly, as fast as they were taken from the wagon. It was not a long work. When we came to the farming implements, Pete exhibited a remarkable degree of interest. He examined each one with great care, as if he was to be personally responsible for the amount of work it performed.

"Don't see any scraper and sweeper for the cotton, massa," he said.

"What do you want with them?" asked Case. "When the weather is too damp," replied Pete, oracularly, "you must scrape away the earth with the scraper to let the sun strike at the roots, and when it's too dry, you want the sweeper to sweep the earth back on them."

"'Celted nigger, dreadful 'celted nigger!" muttered old Joe.

"You must try, Pete, to get along without them this year," said Case, good-naturedly. "You know we cannot expect to have everything in as good order, at first, as you have in the old States."

The answer was all on troubled waters. Pete graciously assented to the proposition, and was disarmed of any further criticism. But old Joe continued to mutter, "Dreadful 'celted nigger."

At length the wagon was emptied, and my establishment in order! Case and I walked about the place, both of us in complacent mood.

"We must begin plowing at once; you are a week late for the cotton; but never mind. I came over to spend the day with you, and Joe shall go for Miller's plow, and we will commence breaking up right off."

"Pete thinks I can raise four or five acres of corn, although I am nearly a month behind time."

"I dare say you can, and it will be a great convenience for you to have your own supply. Look at this. I have brought you some garden seeds."

And Case opened a package which contained small papers of at least a dozen kinds. It was a real treasure.

My "spring's work" suddenly seemed so pressing, that I hardly knew where to begin. The cares of my farm began to occupy me, but they were pleasant.

Old Joe now returned with the plow, the mules were hitched on, and Case himself held it.

"I am going to show Joe," he said, laughing, "how to lay a furrow. Where we put our garden, there we must plow deep. Pete looks as if he understood it."

Pete was looking on with a critical eye as Case commenced work, but said nothing.

While my friend and old Joe were engaged with the garden, Pete and I were hard at work with the fence. By noon a great deal of work had already been done, and we were glad to go over to Miller's for dinner. In the afternoon Miller himself was to come and commence on the cotton-field. As I stepped out of his house I perceived Pete waiting to speak with me.

"Massa Ferris," he said very mysteriously, "I want to ask you a favor."

The thought flashed on me that Pete was getting tired of solid work, and wanted permission to go to the village on some imaginary errand.

"What is it?" I said, a little sternly.

"Don't let anybody plow the cotton-field but me, massa," he said, in an imploring tone.

"Why not?"

"Because I can do it all myself. I can raise ten acres and want nobody to help me, and I will raise five acres of corn so as to be respectable and have something to live on, and don't want no help neither, and massa can help me to take care of the garden, if he likes. But them don't know much about cotton, them don't. Them's will learn, but them's don't know yet."

I felt a little reproached for my suspicions, but I could not but think of old Joe's "'celted nigger," and did not feel disposed to indulge Pete in any nonsense.

"Why, Pete," I replied, "you know we are in a great hurry now, and the more help we get, the better you should like it."

"So I do, massa. So I do; but I want to plow the cotton-field, and let them do something else."

"Is there any difficulty about plowing for cotton more than for anything else?"

"No difficulty, massa; very simple when you know how. But they don't plow as I do, and they don't lay the furrows careful."

I had been told (for I knew literally nothing on the subject) that to raise cotton was one of the easiest of all cultures. Here was a question, started: Was it through Pete's jealousy, or did he really understand the work better than the others?

Wishing to know something of the method of cultivating this famous plant, I asked Pete to tell me something about the process. Pete was delighted that I should ask him for information.

"I will tell you, massa. First I plow a furrow, and lay it over so (gesturing with his hand); then I plow another furrow, and lay it over t'other way, so; that makes the two furrows lay together; then I plow two more furrows, one on each side of the first furrows, and I have four even furrows all laid together nice. When I finish the plowing, I take the opener and cut lines through the field six feet apart, to put the seed in. Then harrow and roll in the seed all with one machine. When the cotton comes up and begins to grow, I thin it out, so as to give it a good chance. If it is very rich land, I thin it to eighteen inches; but if the land is not so good, I leave a stalk every twelve inches; then I weed 'em, and weed 'em so as to keep 'em very clean. But them's don't take pains with their cotton. Don't see any scraper or sweeper. Massa Goldborough has got 'em. Ought to have scraper and sweeper, massa."

It was quite a long after-dinner discourse, but unlike many such discourses, it was very intelligible. I thanked Pete for his information, and told him I would see about the plowing before we got to work in the afternoon.

Then I took Case aside and told him the cause of Pete's distress.

"Let him plow the field by all means," he said. "I will tell Miller. The boys can just as well be at work at the fences, and you and I will lay out the garden. Miller will finish the cornfield."

"I am glad you think as I do about it," I said.

"Certainly. Encourage Pete all you can. It is the only way to make anything of him. I am going to stick to you here till you get everything in, recollect that. Don't thank me. I have been the cause of your stopping in Texas, and I never shall forgive myself if things don't go right with you to begin with."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed.

"I only wish we were a little nearer each other," continued Case; "but the ride don't amount to much. Jane is coming over to see you to-morrow. She will bring the children and spend the day. I told you that you must be prepared for visitors."

We continued to chat in this pleasant manner till Miller marshaled us to work. It was a busy scene. What a contrast from the repose of the old ruin I had visited only two weeks before! Pete was in his glory, for the cotton-field had been surrendered to him unconditionally. As he laid his furrows even and smooth, every four furlongs together, making a separate bed, as it were, for each row of seed, Miller could not help saying, "Well done, Pete; you do understand how to plow for cotton—that's a fact." And old Joe ejaculated, "I see glad that nigger does know sunthin'!"

I could not help stopping occasionally to think of the change which had come over me since, pale and weak, with an enfeebled frame, I mounted Pancho at the end of the railroad route to try the effect of my good doctor's prescription. If any one might ever entertain doubts of his identity, certainly I might. Yet there I was, feeling almost as strong as in old times, and very well.

What greatly added to my happiness was the interest my friends took in me, and the zeal they exhibited in aiding me to get comfortably settled. I could not help thinking, if the whole world were governed by the same kind feelings and good-will which had been shown to me, what a very happy world it would be.

"You seem to be in a brown study," said Case. "I shan't let you fling the first day. Come, try and keep up with me, and I will give you a half holiday to-morrow!"

The labors of the day are finished, Case has gone home, to come back to-morrow with his wife and children, to surprise me, I dare say, with a house-warming in the evening. I judge so at least from certain whisperings between Case and Mrs. Miller which I could not avoid overhearing. I bid good-by to her hospitable board when I took my supper this evening. In the morning I shall take my first breakfast on my own premises. From indications which I am not supposed to observe, I judge that Pete intends to have something more than bare corn-dodger for the repast. The honest fellow is already enjoying the luxury of his shakedown. He is sleeping heavily.

The stars glitter over my head. Light clouds drift lazily from the southwest, leaving the sky clear and blue. A lovely summer night on these vast illimitable plains.

What are they doing now in New York? How thronged is Broadway at this moment! How brilliantly shine the gaslights around the theatres and saloons! What a gay crowd pass up and down!

Do you regret the step you have taken? Would you go back behind the counter at Stewart's? Would you return to that boarding-house, for the sake of witnessing those evening shows in Broadway, and of making one of the great crowd? No! I am content to be here under these glorious skies, a cultivator of the soil, and I feel grateful to the Giver of all good, who has enabled me to be free.

Here ends the story of young Ferris. Another MS. accompanied it, but I find, on examination, it is in the form of a diary, running through the whole season, and treating almost entirely of cotton culture, the raising of corn, and gardening. The diary is interesting and instructive, but is better calculated for the pages of an agricultural journal.

I have found it a very agreeable task to present a portion of the history of this young New Yorker to the public. There is in my mind a deep moral in it for those young men who remain in our large cities endeavoring to eke out a wretched existence on insufficient salaries, which they are only too glad to accept, and for which there is always a sharp competition.

What is to become of these young men? Do they see any encouragement for their remaining where they are? Do they not perceive that there is scarcely a chance for them, when the rich are daily becoming more powerful, by reason of their increased accumulations, and the poor are growing into the condition of their slaves? Yet they cling to their misery, attracted by the glitter that surrounds them, as the moth by the candle.

As a parting word to such, I would say, imitate the example of young Ferris, and seek in the fertile West or Southwest a new and happy home.

THE REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

The Regatta of the New York Yacht Club, on Thursday, June 10, was marked by several exciting incidents and accidents, one of which is represented in our engraving, showing the Phantom with her main topmast carried away, and her mainsail split by the force of the gale.

In spite of the stormy weather, at half-past nine the William Fletcher had taken on board the Regatta

Committee, judges, members of the press, and a few friends, and steamed away from the foot of Desbrosses street for Staten Island, leaving the Middletown receiving the members of the club and friends, who were rapidly arriving.

On reaching Staten Island, the yachts were found all ready; several, not competitors, were lazily sailing about the bay. The Dauntless, Rambler, Alice, Maggie, Lois, and others, were thus idly sporting about, none of them, however, venturing far from shore except the Lois, belonging to the Atlantic Club, which crossed the bay, and in tacking capsized. For a few minutes then all was confusion, but the appearance of her crew, in dripping garments, standing on the overturned keel of the boat, and the rapid approach of several tugboats and wreckers to her assistance, removed all fears of any loss of life, and the attention of all near the competing yachts was drawn to the start.

At this time the bay presented a very animated appearance. Yachts, steamers, craft of all descriptions, gayly decked with flags, dotted the surface of the water; the shore was lined with eager crowds waiting to see the yachts start, while music from a dozen bands floated in bewildering variety from all sides.

At 11:15 A. M. the signal to make ready was given, and fifteen minutes after the signal "start" was sounded, and the yachts were bowling away toward the Southwest Spit. The Southwest Spit was rounded in the following order:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Phantom.....	1	4	50	Addie V.....	1	13	—
Kate.....	1	4	50	Alarm.....	1	14	—
Sadie.....	1	6	—	Corning.....	1	16	—
Idler.....	1	6	—	Madeline.....	1	17	40
Palmer.....	1	9	—	Sylvie.....	1	21	30
Bonita.....	1	9	30	White Cap.....	1	23	—
Gracie.....	1	11	30				

On the run from Sandy Hook the Sylvie carried away her jibboom, and with it her flying-jib and jib-topmast, which caused her to fall behind.

On rounding the lightship, the Phantom, which had hitherto had it all her own way, carried away her main topmast and split her mainsail, causing her to fall off at once. The Palmer, following closely, also carried away her fore topmast, thus giving the Idler the lead. The Sadie or Gracie was the next to reach the lightship, but owing to the distance at which the steamer was from them, the yacht signal could not be distinguished. On nearing Sandy Hook on the return, a pretty race took place between the Idler and Palmer. The former had the lead by nearly a mile, but the Palmer, although disabled, having a breeze which suited her, crept slowly up, hugging the shore closely. Astern of these were the Sadie, Addie V., Madeline, Sylvie and Gracie, all of which rounded the Southwest Spit on the return close together, a few minutes after three o'clock. The time of turning the home stake-boat was as follows:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Idler.....	4	24	30	Kate.....	4	59	—
Palmer.....	4	25	15	Bonita.....	4	52	—
Sadie.....	4	30	—	Corning.....	4	53	10
Gracie.....	4	38	—	Madeline.....	4	53	15
Sylvie.....	4	42	30	Addie V.....	4	53	15
Alarm.....	4	45	—	White Cap.....	5	0	45

The run to the lightship and back, about forty-three miles, was made:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Idler.....	4	51	30				
Sadie.....	5	3	—				
White Cap.....	5	36	45				

The prizes were, for schooners and first-class sloops, \$250 each—won by the Idler and Sadie; and second-class sloops, \$150—won by the White Cap.

THE BANQUET AT PHILADELPHIA IN HONOR OF HON. A. G. CURTIN.

A GRAND banquet was given on the 14th of June, at the Academy of Music, in Philadelphia, in honor of the Hon. Andrew G. Curtin, American Minister to Russia. Over 500 persons sat down at five P. M. The building was beautifully decorated with American and Russian flags. The chair was taken by Judge Russell Thayer, and a large number of notables were present, including the Russian Minister, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, etc. After discussing edibles, Judge Thayer introduced ex-Governor Curtin, who was received with loud applause; and responded eloquently, reviewing the political events that have of late years most affected our nationality, and gracefully alluding to the amicable relations between this country and Russia. The toast of "Russia" was responded to by Count Rodisco, Charge d'Affaires of the Russian Government at Washington, who said:

You have selected one of your leading countrymen to represent you in my native country. I can assure him and assure you that when he arrives in that country he will meet with friends, for Russians are all friends of the American people. Your new minister (Mr. Curtin) is remembered in Russia for the courage and determination he displayed while Governor of the Keystone State during the great struggle that shook your nation. The sentiments of Russia were, during that struggle, and are now, in favor of maintenance of the Federal Union, and of her peace and prosperity. That you may fully understand the feelings of the Czar of that country in this respect, I will read you a dispatch forwarded to Count Gortschakoff from the Emperor to me, and which I presented to the proper authorities.

The dispatch reads as follows:

To Count Rodisco, Charge d'Affaires:

SIR—The sympathies of our august sovereign toward the American people and for their destinies are too active and too sincere to permit his Majesty not once again to experience a desire to express them on the advent of General Grant to the Presidency of the Federal Union. By order of the Emperor you are instructed to become the Interpreter of these sentiments near the President. The services which General Grant has rendered to his country under such circumstances warrant auspicious auguries of the future, and of the great work to which he had the glory to contribute in a manner so efficient. This work of pacification and of national prosperity has not met with, and will not anywhere meet with, more cordial and more steadfast sympathy than in Russia.

ALEXANDER, Czar of Russia.

In conclusion, Mr. Chairman, I can assure you that although the climate of Russia is cold, her houses are for ever warm for Americans.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

Ceremony at the Shrine of St. Fort, Bordeaux.

There is a singular custom which is still observed in the old town of Bordeaux at this time of the year, and our engraving, which is taken from a sketch made on the spot, represents the ceremony. In the Faubourg St. Seurin, the accustomed visitor to the capital of wine, snuff, and sugar will remember a church of the same name, and in this church is the

shrine of a saint celebrated in the annals of the district. Now, to be celebrated in such an ancient locality as the great industrial centre on the banks of the Garonne, is to occupy a large niche in history. Even in the time of Strabo, who mentions it in his geography, it was the chief trading-place of the Iscel, who were also called the Ubiscl—a Celtic nation which had settled within the limits assigned to the Aquitani. In the subdivision of the Gallic provinces, about the middle of the fourth century, this town, which had been of reputation in the first years of the Christian era, was made the capital of Aquitania Secunda; and Ausonius, who was a native of the place, celebrates its praises in his "Clara Urbes"—speaking of its mild climate; its wood-crowned heights; its noble stream, covered at high tide with a fleet of ships; its regular streets, and lofty towers. Until recently, the remains of these ancient buildings were numerous; and the circuit of the arena of the amphitheatre could till lately be traced in the Faubourg Seurin, where its solid walls had been made the foundation of a number of mean houses resting upon them, in consequence of the site having been sold during the revolution as national property. The modern city is, however, finer and more extensive than the ancient; and, though most of its oldest historical relics have disappeared, it has magnificent buildings—inferior, perhaps, to none in Europe, and worthy of its former reputation. We are not including the Church of St. Seurin among them, for it is a plain edifice enough; but in this church is the shrine of St. Fort, whose festival occurs in the month of May, when a fair takes place in his honor. The shrine is held in great veneration and one curious custom is still religiously observed by a great many of the mothers who desire their children to obtain benefits of the saint whose name seems to have suggested the observance represented in our illustration. The children make a kind of pilgrimage or are carried to the tomb of the saint, over which they are passed by their mothers or nurses, under the impression that they will thereby receive health and strength. Many of the old Bordeaux chronicles refer to this custom, which is one of the few remaining antiquities of the historical city.

The Durbar at Umballah.

On the 27th of March, the Grand Durbar, or Court, was held at Umballah by Lord Mayo, the Governor-General of India, to receive a visit from Shere Ali, the Ameer of Cabool, and present ruler of Afghanistan. Our engraving represents the Governor-General and the Ameer sitting together at Durbar, with a distinguished company around them, including the members of Council, Lieutenant-Governor Lord Napier of Magdala, some of the native chiefs of India not belonging to the Punjab, the personal staff of his Excellency, and high civil and military officers from all parts of India. On the left hand, after a young native sirdar, may be seen the Nawab of Moller Kotlah; the Rajah of Kupporthulla in his robes as a Knight of the Star of India; the Rajah of Nabha, the Rajah of Jheend, and the young Maharajah of Puitiala. Behind these chiefs are Mr. Forsyth, Commissioner of Jullunder; and Major-General Taylor, C. B., Commissioner of Umballah. In the centre may be seen his Excellency the Viceroy, the Earl of Mayo. On his right is the Ameer of Cabool, and on his left the son of that Prince, Sirdar Abdoollah Jan. Behind these again are Dr. Bellier; Captain Upperton; Lieutenant-Colonel Chamberlain, C. B.; Wuzer Noor Mahomed, the Ameer's Prime Minister; Captain Grey, the Persian Interpreter, one of the attendants of the Ameer; Mr. Seaton Kerr, Foreign Secretary; Major the Hon. E. Bourke, Military Secretary; Major-General Beatson, C. B., commanding Umballah Division; Major Burne, Private Secretary to the Viceroy, and Lord Napier of Magdala. Then come, on the right hand, Sir Donald McLeod, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab; Sir William Mansfield, Commander-in-Chief; Sir Henry Durand, Sir R. Temple, and the Hon. Mr. Ellis, members of the Supreme Council, with several aides-de-camp behind them. There are more than 500 officials and officers in full dress. Ladies for the first time graced the occasion with their presence. The camp of the Viceroy, lined with British and native troops of every kind, formed a scene which will long be remembered in India for its interest and magnificence.

The Ruins of Sebastopol.

The recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Crimea has given occasion for the publication, by the English pictorialists, of a number of illustrations of scenes associated with the Crimean war. Of these, we select a view of the ruins of Sebastopol, which, while presenting a picture of desolation seemingly the effect of the heavy hand of time, attests the destructiveness of the English and French artillery fire on that stronghold.

Scenes at the Derby.

Our two illustrations of races at the Derby are taken from a Parisian pictorial, whose artist has evidently devoted his pencil to the picturesque and ludicrous features of the occasion. One of the pictures represents a crowd on the Downs, admiring two young ladies, who, with tambourines in their hands, and seated in a wagon, attracted much attention by their gaiety. The other picture shows the eccentricity of an enterprising tailor, who, to advertise his business in an original way, attended the races in bag wig and costume of the eighteenth century, while his little terrier sat demurely on horseback as postilion.

Pretender, Winner of the Derby.

This celebrated racer, winner in the recent Derby races in England, is the son of Adventurer and old Fernia, by Venison. Pretender, who has just taken the "two thousand pounds purse," just came out at Stockton-on-Tees, in the Hardwicke stakes, where he was beaten half a length for first place by his stable companion, Lord Hawthorn. On the same day he ran with another stable companion, Thorwaldsen, and was beaten a neck by him, the first place falling to the lot of Minaret, with Osborne up. At the York races he was pitted against the renowned Johnny, and lost by about a half length. His fourth and last appearance as a colt (two-year old) was in the Middle Park Plate, where he gave Pero Gomez, the winner, seven pounds, and the Scottish Queen ten pounds, avoidpouls, and finished three lengths from the latter, with Wild Oats, Derry Down, the Drummer, Rhysworth, and fourteen others behind him. In the spring following it was seen that Pretender's claims as a racer could be no longer hidden, and, in sporting parlance, his friends "became very sweet on him for the two thousand." He won the race very cleverly. Since then Pretender's career has been one of great brilliancy. He won the "great double stakes," as it is called. Tom Dawson, the trainer of Pretender, has been in the profession for some forty years, and has achieved many very brilliant victories. He was the educator of Blue Bonnet, in the St. Leger; Our Nell, in the Oaks; Ellington, in the Derby, and many other

world-known coursers. Pretender is more a useful wiry horse than a handsome one, just sixteen hands high, and with a straight neck, and stands rather on leg. His walk, with his hocks so wide apart, is peculiar, and the Newmarket touts professed not to fear him in his gallops. His stride, however, settles down when he is fairly "sent out," and no horse can run gamer than he has done in both his races this year.

The Ladies' Walk at Cairo.

Our engraving represents the garden attached to the palace and harem of Mustapha Pasha; and here, amidst the luxurious tropical vegetation which, when cultivated, renders an Egyptian pleasure-ground so beautiful, the ladies and their attendants, with the children, walk beneath the shade of the dark cyresses. These gardens adjoining the palaces are very lovely, and at Shoobra, about four miles to the north of Cairo, and reached by a road along the banks of the Nile, shaded with lofty sycamores, the splendid country-seat of Mehemet Ali was surrounded by a garden and pleasure-ground, where about thirty Persian wheels were employed in irrigating the ground. Ibrahim Pasha had his fine palace and magnificent ground at a spot between Boulaq, the lower part of Cairo, and the city itself.

Roman Pavement.

A very interesting addition has just been made to the evidences of Roman occupation by the discovery, in the city of London, of a tessellated pavement, in the course of excavating at the back of the Poultry for the formation of a new street from the Mansion House to Blackfriars. It lies about seventeen feet from the surface of the ground, and though it is 1,400 years old, it is apparently as fresh and perfect as if but yesterday it had left the artist's hands. It is of a bold type, of geometrical pattern—scrolls, circles and interlaced squares, enclosing a design of some beauty, but no animals or figures of any kind. The tesserae are of five colors, by no means of brilliant hue, the outer portion being of common red and yellow brick, the whole laid in the ordinary Roman mortar, and upon tiles. Beneath the pavement has been already traced a system of flues for warming the apartment; and evidences remain of the scored flue-tiles in an upright position, showing how they were carried up the walls of the apartment. Two plinths or pedestals, discovered in the supposed apartment, one of which is still entire, were for the reception of pillars, supporting, doubtless, a domed roof; but at present the floor only indicates an apartment formed on the usual plan for one of the principal chambers of a Roman villa, and the semi-circular form at one end is precisely in accordance with what one would expect in the remains of such a house. Near the pavement are the remains of a well, or, more probably, a cesspool, formed of blocks of hewn chalk, and extending much deeper than do the excavations. The work is more recent, but it may represent the site of a Roman cesspool, used with additions in medieval times. A similar one was noticed adjoining the pavement and Roman buildings found some twenty years since in Upper Thames street, on the site of the present Coal Exchange. One-sixteenth of the whole floor has already been removed to the office of the Board of Works, for examination, at Spring Gardens. This portion, with the remainder of the pavement, will be removed to the Museum of Antiquities at Guildhall, where better provision will be made for the reception of these tangible illustrations of the early history of London.

The Jewish Synagogue in West Forty-fourth Street, Rev. Samuel M. Isaacs, Minister.

THE Jewish worshippers in New York have added another imposing public building to the number in the great metropolis, by the completion of a magnificent synagogue in West Forty-fourth street, not far from Broadway. It has been erected by the congregation of Shaaray Tefila, or "Gates of Prayer," and was consecrated with impressive ceremonies on the afternoon of Tuesday, May 11th, 1869. The building occupies a lot 100 feet square, and has cost \$200,000, of which the large sum of \$50,000 was for the Ark.

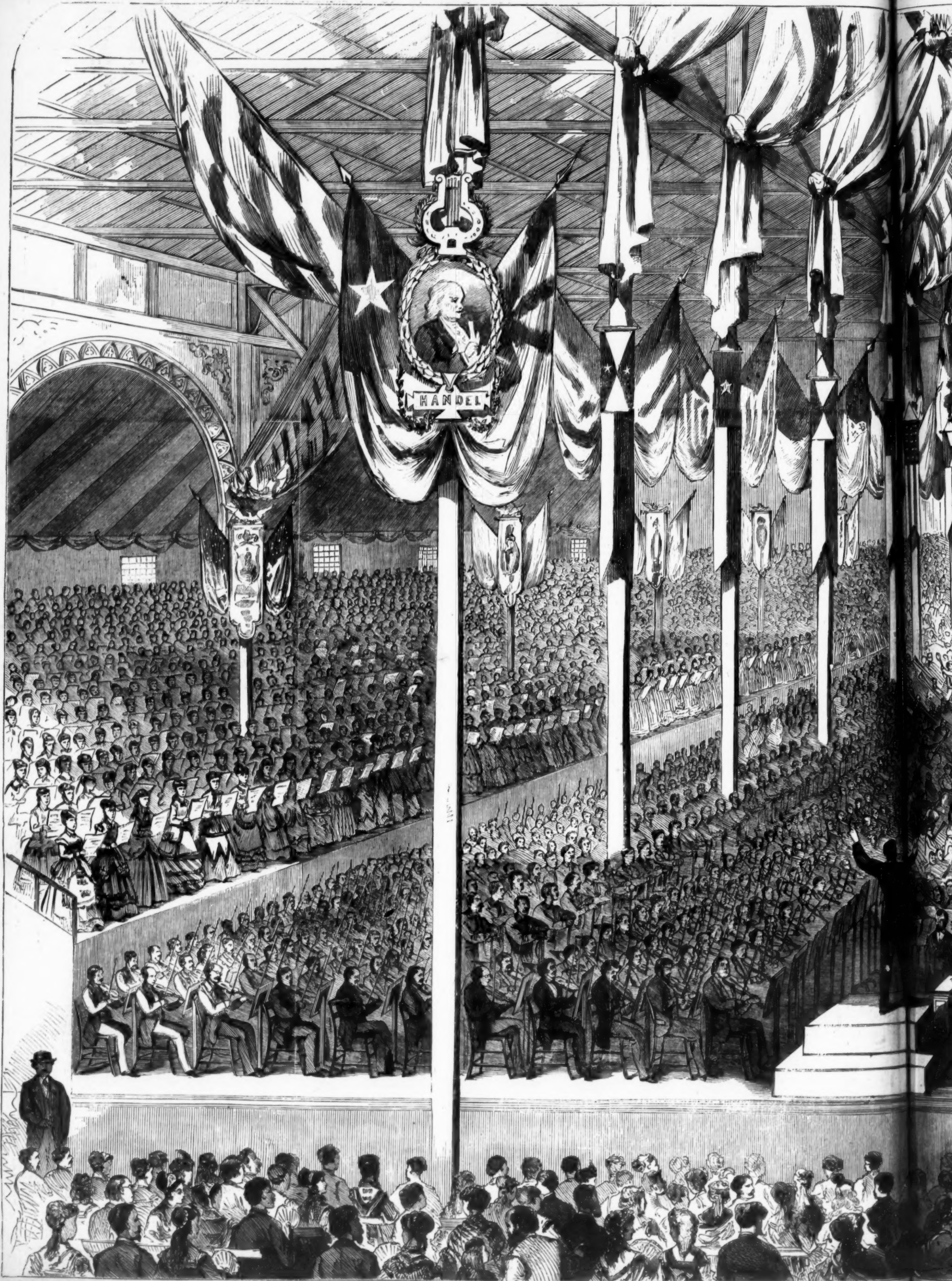
The material is Newark freestone with Dorchester used for trimmings, and the architecture is of the Moorish type. There is a main front with two towers, finished square. Surmounting the central front is a dome, capped with a finial bearing a ball and a "shield of David." A flight of steps, forty feet wide, leads from the street, flanked on either side by a courtyard, in which will be placed *parterres* of flowers. All the windows are of stained glass, exquisite in color and design. The columns and windows of the front are delicately wrought, and the entire ornamentation of the building is particularly rich and tasteful.

The roof is supported by four massive columns, from which spring a series of grand arches. The capitals are elegantly decorated, and the shafts bronzed. The ceiling is highly decorated in blue, light chocolate, and white, and the walls are light buff. The seats are of black walnut, and richly cushioned. The Alermor, or reading-desk, is superbly finished in hardwood. The Ark, with which the pulpit is combined, is constructed of black walnut, with ornaments of oak and other woods, carved and inlaid. Above the Ark is a beautiful rose window of stained glass. An elegant curtain of crimson satin, with velvet border and centre-piece embroidered in bullion, hangs before the Ark, and the reading-desk and pulpit are covered with the like material. The entire auditory floor is covered with handsome Axminster carpet. All the other appointments are of the same complete and magnificent character.

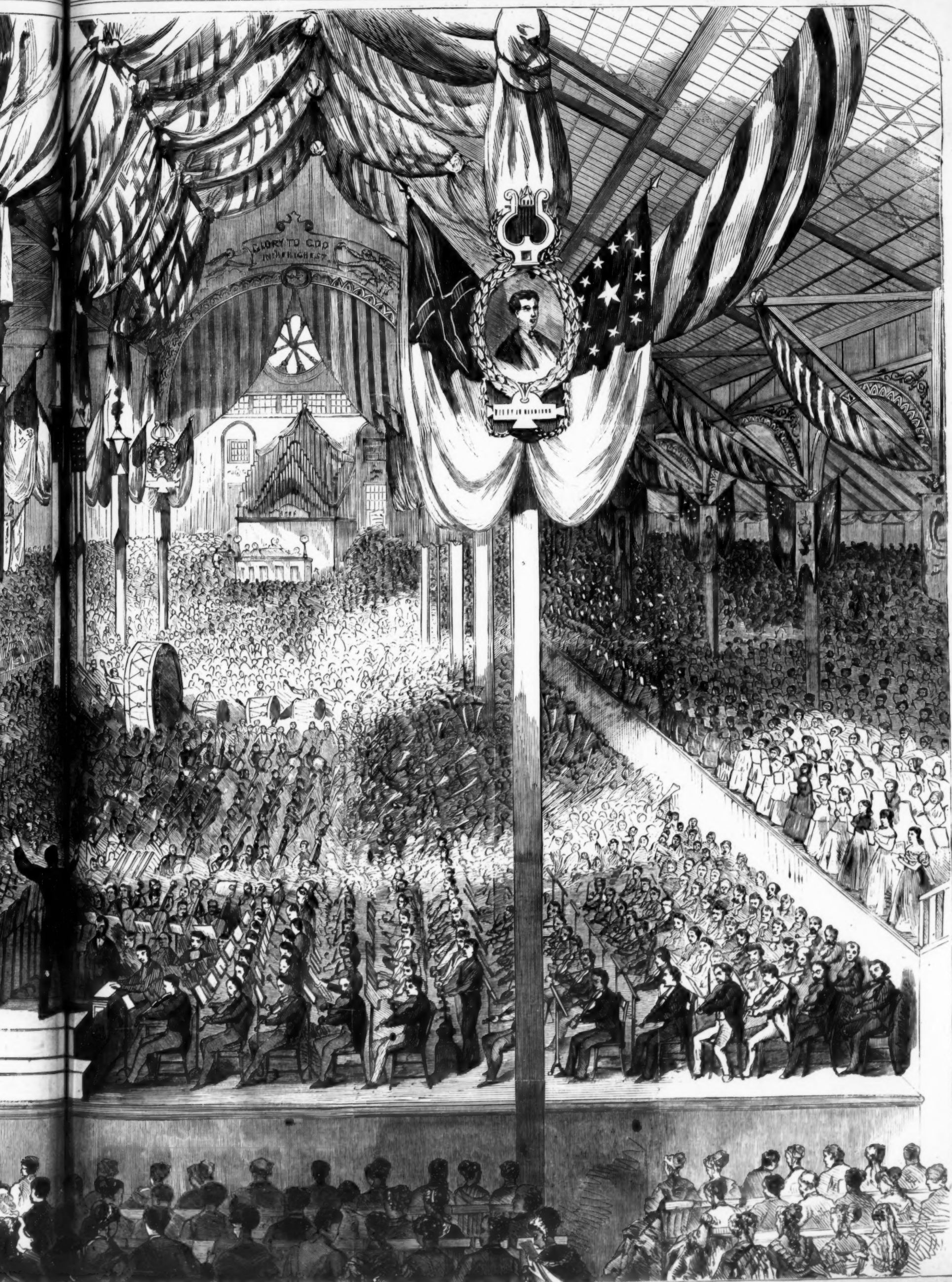
The congregation of Shaaray Tefila grew out of the old Elm Street Synagogue, and built a synagogue in Wooster street in 1845. Giving way to the up-town movement, they sold their building in 1864, and removed to the building corner of Thirty-sixth street and Broadway, where they have worshipped during the building of the synagogue in West Forty-fourth street. They represent the class of strict or conservative Jews, and their services are performed without any innovation upon the ancient Jewish ritual.

The distinguished Rev. Samuel M. Isaacs is the minister. He was born in Leeward, Holland, in January, 1804. For a few years he was principal of an educational and charitable institution in London, but in 1839 came to New York, where he had received a call to the Elm Street Synagogue.

In 1845 he became the minister of his present congregation, then just organized. For twelve years he has been the editor of the *Jewish Messenger*, a weekly journal, which he also publishes, in connection with two of his sons. He is widely known and esteemed for his learning and genial habits of character. He preaches with much power and eloquence, and is the recognized head of his branch of Judaism.



THE GREAT NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE AND MUSICAL FESTIVAL, BOSTON, MASS.—THE GREAT ORGAN AND ORCHESTRA



UNREQUITED.

A BEAUTIFUL streamlet went dancing along
With its bright brow fretted with flowers,
And it leapt o'er the woodland with many a
song,
And laugh'd through the sunny hours.
Away and away,
All the blue summer day,
The streamlet went laughing away.

A willow tree grew near the light-hearted brook,
Hanging over the beauty in pride;
And he pray'd night and day for a kiss or a look,
From the streamlet that flow'd at his side.
But away and away,
All the blue summer day,
The streamlet went laughing away.

All his leaves and his blossoms he shower'd on
her head,
And would gladly have given his life;
But to all his affection the streamlet was dead,
And she laugh'd at the willow's heart-strife.
And away, away,
All the summer day,
The streamlet went laughing away.

"Ah me!" sigh'd the willow, "how false was
the dream!"
And drooping, heart-broken he died;
While his last leaf, in love, he let fall on the
stream
That so coldly flow'd on at his side.
And away, away,
All the blue summer day,
The streamlet went laughing away.

WAS SHE MARRIED?—YES.— WHEN?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAS IT A GHOST?"

CHAPTER V.

CONSIDERING the social position of Mr. Harrison, and the enormity of the crime alleged against him, it is not remarkable that the evening papers should teem with the full particulars, the more than full particulars of his arrest and imprisonment. It may be a beneficent dispensation of general liberty, that liberty of the press, but alas, its freedom of speech has broken many a heart unnecessarily and cruelly, and brought disrepute on private individuals, whose lives, wrought out in the secluded walks of life, are too often misrepresented to subserve the malice of partisan journalists, or the vengeance of cliques, without a corresponding good to society from the exercise of the liberty of print.

On the evening of that day wherein we have introduced the Atwood family in "gentle parlance pleasantly engaged," the papers were filled with the recital of the murder and supposed murderer. Nothing was left out that really occurred, something put in that never happened. Strictures on his past life, his seclusive habits, his haughty refusal to mingle in the flashing follies of his sect, his social seclusion, ample for his wants and no more, hinted at as the means of Sardanapalian enjoyment or debauchery. Everything that could minister to the public "mind diseased," was served up for the evening repast of religious gossips and the scandal-mongers of morals.

Among the rest of the kind-hearted world, the name of William Fairfax Harrison was known to our friend Samuel Atwood, Esquire, and known in a way that imparted to the said Samuel a peculiar sense of inconvenience, and rendered the news of his arrest a theme of inexpressible delight.

We have no time or occasion now to enter into all the particulars of our friend Atwood's experiences, fears, and dislikes of Mr. Harrison. The intelligent reader—and none other have we—will see at a glance the whole plateau on which the parties stand, and how they stand to each other and all the world; and the bright and doubtless beautiful woman who is now running her eyes over these lines will guess that Mrs. Atwood's father was not overkind to his daughter, but overkind to himself, when he made use of the immediate funds Atwood could give him, a wealth reader to hand than Harrison's, and available from a more pliant fool, or a more unscrupulous trafficker. Harrison would have endowed the daughter with all the means of social comforts, but his property, generally under lease, could not be transferred into the means of redressing a heavy bankruptcy that was suspended over the head of Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson; and he would have shrunk from an arrangement that could not but appear to him, in connection with Miss Tennyson, as an arrangement simply for her purchase. Independent of all this, Atwood's wealth was really enormous, and he had that peculiar method of expenditure which made his wealth tell upon the vulgar mind of fashion with thrilling effect. Where Harrison's means lay in houses, only available in funds upon long lease rents, Atwood's wealth was composed of enormous boards, transferable at any moment by immediate checks; in fact, he was the Golconda of a son-in-law, and suited well the greedy and needy spendthrifts, male and female, who composed the judiciary of his matrimonial chancery.

And so it happened that in the tornado of the trade winds that blew over the commercial houses in 1857, Mr. Tennyson's affairs became seriously damaged, if not totally destroyed, and Mrs. Tennyson had aggravated the entanglement by her improper extravagance and reckless mismanagement of her easy-tempered husband's family matters. These family matters were composed of grand routs at home, carriages, horses, a trip or so to Europe, which means trying to rival the royal equipages in Paris, and getting the better of Russian baronesses at Baden-Baden, and out-humbugging the titled gentry of Homburg. Beyond all ques-

tion, Mr. Tennyson had committed two great errors in his life—one in getting married to Mrs. Tennyson, and the other, a sort of negative mistake, in not running away from her after he did get her. But being in with his troubles, and having the prospect of a bad failure before him, and Mrs. Tennyson dreading a proclamation in open court or before referees of her follies and vices, a loan was negotiated upon a very valuable gem belonging mutually to them.

This gem was of rare beauty, and had glittered without stain in all the gala routs of Mrs. Tennyson, and now Mr. Tennyson was asked to take this gem from his heart (he had the power of wearing it there at times), and pawn it to a rich trafficker in costly articles, a Mr. Samuel Atwood, banker, millionaire, etc. Maturing youth had not dawned upon Miss Tennyson without expanding some sweet rose-leaf of her heart, and the dew of love had fallen upon it mystically and silently, in the bright personification of Mr. William Fairfax Harrison.

It is needless to go into exact items of dates and scenes that have been enacted over and over again since the day when Adam taught the world its first lesson of love and loss. Our hero and heroine had loved, and Mrs. Tennyson picked the fact out of the domestic occurrences with her Roman nose, and for a time favored it, and buttered her bread with it, as was her usual way in practical matters, and scarcely, if ever, allowed Mr. Tennyson, who cared very little for love matters, since his grand affair with her, to approach the bower of blossoms and butter in which she left the lovers; and so it turned out that when the hurricane burst through the false curls of Mrs. Tennyson, and through the false ledgers of her husband, she took no pains to save the pleasant bower we have spoken of, but allowed the tempest to hurl its creeping tendrils, and blossoming branches, and its shrine, and its worshippers, to the dust and the desert. Only that she saw in the whirling tempest the figure of the rich Atwood loom magnificently; and already she began to plant cabbages, and potatoes, and hams of Westphalia bacon, and receipted grocer, and drygood, and butcher bills, and comfortable remainder of life; and she ran out among the brambles and sharp thorns where she knew her luckless daughter had been cast by the pitiless blast, and out of the midst of them, with her delicate limbs all torn, her gentle heart all wounded and half stopped, she picked her, and with the parol of her maternal anxiety and selfishness, protected her from the rain, and carried her into the house, and put her to bed and fed her with "Papa's distress, papa's ruin, papa's despair, papa's disgrace," until the poor storm-tossed, weak, overcome, ruined in brain and breast, succumbed to that other and greater sacrifice—the sacrifice of herself to a man she hated, for the succor of the father whom she loved—for Tennyson was not naturally a bad man, but a weak one, and as a general thing, a tender father. But she was only willing to comply with the ceremonies of the sacrifice, giving her life, but not her love, or her soul, or herself. She was as much Miss Tennyson in nature now as she was on that fated morning when the all affluent Atwood christened and crushed her with his pleasant and pretty name.

Now, having skipped you forward and saved you a mass of love reading and weeping, of innumerable damp handkerchiefs, and a lot of pretty tricks performed by the firm of Mrs. Tennyson and Atwood, let us beg the reader to follow that stout, well-clad in black coat, black pants, and black satin vest individual, who is descending the granite steps that lead from the vestibule of his mansion to its upper sections.

Steadily steps he upon the marble stairway, and occasionally he stops and looks up as if he expected to see somebody or something peering at him over the balustrade above. Firmly held in one hand is the paper containing an account of the murder and the verdict of the coroner's court. The paper seems to be a greater help to his movement than would a cane with the gold head of an emperor upon it, for he expedites his steps whenever he hears the rustling columns utter, almost orally, the story of the disgrace of the man he feared, and whom he suspected, if he really did not know, his wife might love.

Once he heard a door close at the end of one of the passages, and he caught his breath quickly and quivered all over; for Atwood, sensible Mr. Atwood, was not sure how Mrs. Atwood, sensible Mrs. Atwood, would take the revelation. Before he reached that door which opened into the arcana of the house, he stopped abruptly and looked around him, and above him, but he did not look within him. There was his mistake. If he had done so, something would have been seen that might have told him exactly what he did not wish to hear or know, but which he should have known. What was it that Atwood expected to see in the halls and in the corners of the third story of his house? Ghosts? Perhaps so; but he did not give the ghosts time to put on their walking costumes, for he turned the lock that opened into the sacred place, and stood once more in the room we have heretofore taken so much pains to describe and impress upon our reader. The subdued light of evening fell almost pall-like upon the apartment. Not a syllable of word, or rustle of dress, or a breath of slumber disturbed the sanctuary into which Atwood, with the evening paper, had intruded himself. The respectable Atwood and the respectable journal were both for the moment still. The murder story of the silent types, the slander story in the heart of the living man, had neither a listener or an echo here.

The banker, however, was not a person to be awed by a noiseless vacuum, or kept away from his purpose by a growing twilight. Bold as he was, however, he had to summon all his courage before he undertook to do the act he now was bent on doing. He approached two steps, but for the present he took no more.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Atwood entered the room, but did not advance many steps before he stopped. No sprite or goblin from the other sphere made him do so, though, in the obscurity that had fallen upon the apartment, a sprite or goblin might well have confronted him and not been out of place; nor did the skeleton that it is said all people of respectability keep in their closets clatter from its hook, and gibe him with the old story, whatever that story might be. Therefore it was not that closet-door that opened upon him, but it was the door that led into the inner room previously mentioned; and a very live individual advanced, with uplifted finger, toward him; nor did the approaching figure stop until it had reached him, and then the finger dropped upon his shoulder, and the tongue of the individual so mysteriously intruding began to wag in its head, and speak in a deep whisper into our respectable gentleman's ear. "What brings you here now, when the greatest mischief may follow? I tell you, you are wrong to come, for I see by that paper what you have come for. You are all stupid and bad alike, you men, and you know nothing of women. You would kindle a fire in this house that would burn you and me and her to ashes, and all to give you a poor revenge—a revenge that will tear you to pieces. Come with me out of this room."

"Now, my dear Mrs. Tennyson," for it was that inestimable lady who had whispered the above rather unintelligible communication to her son-in-law, "what is it that you mean? Cannot a man walk into his wife's sitting-room, without giving cause for such alarm, and without the idea of burning up his mother-in-law, and his mother-in-law's daughter, and his mother-in-law's son-in-law? Allow me to take a seat, my good friend; and don't you think a little more light in this nice place would show things off to better advantage? Why, it is as gloomy as a dungeon?"

The reader knows that there was one person who would have agreed with the comparison suggested by Mr. Atwood, and it was of this one person that Mr. Atwood was thinking all the time, with a cloud of black moroseness in his humor that could quickly change into a sentiment so bitter, that hatred might be called love in comparison. That which mother-in-law said to son-in-law was rather inexplicable to the latter innocent individual, and he felt a little uneasy, even at the idea of having it more understandingly explained, and he thought that after Mrs. Tennyson said so much, she would say more.

"Never mind the room," she exclaimed, "and you come out of it—there is no use of your staying here;" but seeing Mr. Atwood throw himself into the easiest chair in the room, and the one usually appropriated to her own use, she changed her verbal tactics, and suddenly seized the paper that he still held in his hand. Atwood held firmly to the record, and the consequence was that the paper was torn violently by Mrs. Tennyson, whose blood was up, and apparently her appetite for her bread and butter held under control. Now, her son-in-law was a cool and unimpassioned fellow, when he chose to be so, and when he discovered that his evening paper was destroyed, he asked, with an exquisite touch of nonchalance, of Mrs. Tennyson, the kindness, on her part, to ring the bell, at the same time taking out of his pocket the smallest piece of silver coin known to the currency (we write of the days when such silver was). This simple action brought Mrs. Tennyson back to the pecuniary arrangements, and the moment that Mrs. Tennyson was brought into the region of arithmetic, she became as cool and calculating, and as iron and woody, as Babbage's calculating machine, and pretty nearly as exact. She saw at once that Atwood wanted a servant, and another copy of the evening paper, and as Mrs. Tennyson had not means enough to buy up all the evening papers, she calmly determined to adopt another line of conduct than the vehement one, and so she set about drawing back the curtains, in order to give her son-in-law the light he had requested, and when the light came broadly into the apartment, Mr. Atwood saw something that made him think about something else than the newspaper. What he saw was a *coup de vent* of domesticity on a small scale; a small scale it is true, but a very emphatic and unmistakable one.

Upon a table, a table worth almost its weight in silver, he saw a piece of paper torn in shreds. He picked up the fragments, and putting them together, read his name, "Samuel," on one piece, and "Atwood," on another; on another piece was the word "Emily," and "Tennyson" elsewhere, and when he came to a date, the day was torn in pieces, as if a hurricane had twisted and destroyed it, and the only words that were not mutilated were the words "married," and the name of a certain fashionable church, where the devil keeps the doors shut all the week, and the sexton opens them on Sunday, and the name of the clergyman, who, it seems, had been binding into one title, by that piece of paper and his white muslin sleeves, the names so torn to pieces, of the delectable Samuel Atwood and Emily Tennyson "aforesaid."

It was, in plain English, the certificate of Mr. and Mrs. Atwood's marriage; a certificate no longer, but the relics of his purchased nuptials. Atwood for an instant thought of the torn envelope, on which his rival stood apparently convicted, and drew his own conclusions, perhaps not very satisfactory to all parties interested, and also thought he of the cause why this tearing of his honest certificate had been brought about; and the passion grew stronger every moment in his heart to punish the person who had so steeped him in chagrin and trouble.

On the same table there was also before his eyes a plain gold ring, massive and bright. We have seen a lady looking at that circlet, as she would look at the coil of a serpent round her finger. And with it were bracelets,

and pins, and diamond diadems, and costly things that women glitter in, when they make rich alliances, or have princely fortunes in their wedded lives; and these gifts, some handed almost stealthily to the mother for the daughter, months ago, and others, given bribingly since by the same hands, for the same acceptance, were carefully placed upon the table; and Atwood looked at them for an instant with a happy greed, like him who gets back out of pawn the treasure he has pledged there in his dire and helpless necessity.

While he gazed bewildered, and handled half-miserably and half-savagely these costly memorials of his wooing and his wedding, Mrs. Tennyson stood watching him as the rarest jewel of them all. He was a diamond to her from head to foot, and somehow or other, the avaricious, selfish, bad woman, felt a chilly sensation of broken situation and totally ruined new-found position. Looking steadily at that sallow face, that pinched mouth, and wrinkled forehead—a forehead low and narrow, and stamped with evidences of all evil designs—she could read nothing in the whole cramped, stained and soulless face before her, but Villain, Villain! And well her own previous knowledge of his nature corroborated her judgment now. And when he turned his glassy eyes, full of snake looks, from the baubles he was handling, or the disordered proofs of his life bond, upon her, who as he turned shrank from his regard, he, too, saw nothing in that hooked nose, face, and tyrannic prussian-blue eyes, but Villain, Villain, Woman-villain!—the worst class of villains upon the face of the earth. The seller and buyer of a human heart were together, and a climax had arrived when the buyer could lift his bitter tongue in truth, and say to the seller:

"You have cheated me."
But Mr. Atwood said nothing of the kind, though he thought it, and Mrs. Tennyson felt that he had rung it out upon her, and she saw the rich and powerful human reptile coil itself into a silence whose mysterious working she could not penetrate.

There was nothing to be gained by examining the torn certificate and the glittering jewelry; and Mr. Atwood, as he tried to lull the demon that was gnawing at the root of his tongue, urging him to full tide of abuse of his delectable mother-in-law, with that devilish coolness that made him strong under all circumstances (when there was a little or great wickedness going on), held up the tattered certificate, and letting the bits fall, one by one, upon the table, said:

"This can't be mended, Mrs. Tennyson."
Mrs. Tennyson said neither one thing nor the other about it. She had never torn up her certificate, and she would rather not discuss that difficulty at present. At length Mr. Atwood put his hand in his side-pocket, drawing forth a large pocket-book, which he placed on the table in the midst of the fragments and the gems. Then he untied it very calmly (they say it took the serpent all the youth time of Adam and Eve to climb around the apple-tree, but once there, he staid there), and drew forth several bank-notes of large amount, and he placed the notes over the scraps of the certificate, and he then made a sign to Mrs. Tennyson to come near him and look at his little trick. Mrs. Tennyson came over to the table, and in doing so, Mr. Atwood opened his mouth very wide and showed his teeth (one of his purchases) very pleasantly, and without hemming or hawing, remarked that he thought, "It could be mended."

Mrs. Tennyson saw more ready-made bread and butter than she had looked at for many a day on one table; but then she did not exactly like the skinny hand that passed over the bread the butter, and when she looked more carefully at its color, she found it had a look of gold, only not so bright, and that satisfied her.

Atwood had caught his fish without walking very far into the black pool, and the fish came up to the surface dripping with gratitude. A pantomime is sometimes more impressive than a declamatory sermon. The buyer had again bought the seller—at least the seller hoped so. When the fisherman had landed his prize upon the bank, he looked it over, and thus addressed it:

"Now, my dear Mrs. Tennyson, I am afraid you are going to tell me that Mrs. Atwood is not at home," and he handled the notes, and put one leg calmly over the other—calmly to all appearance, but hell was burning his very nature within him.

Mrs. Tennyson saw something of the flame gleaming in his eyes, and she would have replied, with the softest accents she could command, "You are a good guesser. She is not at home;" but she refrained, for the bank-notes rustled in her ears, as a silk gown rustles to youth in the dances of the delights, for Atwood rustled the sirens in his hand, and they sung to Mrs. Tennyson songs that were pleasant to hear, and they kept her silent.

"You know she has gone from home. Perhaps you won't tell me. Now, I should not be surprised if she has gone out to buy another ring;" and he held up the wedding-ring his wife had left upon the table, and showed it to the sensitive mamma. His eyes showed more fire than ever.

"My dear Atwood, what do you mean by that?"

"I mean that she is not honest, and has gone out to buy a pinchbeck ring, and will exchange this pure gold one for it."

Atwood was getting personae toward his wife, and strange to say, his wife's mother did not get angry with him for uttering anything so naughty as an imputation upon her daughter's purity.

"I mean that she loves this Harrison—loves a murderer—and she has seen or heard of his being arrested for murder, and has gone to him to tell him that she hates me, and loves him. I mean that she has made herself an outcast, and shall so remain; but I will make

her more than an outcast—I will make her so low in the world's opinion, that public prints shall draw sermons from her fall as from a text. Bring her back to me, and let her humble herself before me—make her go to the preacher who wedded her to me, and beg him to restore, by some means, the certificate she has destroyed. Teach her that she must wear this ring as my wife, nor be a gilded doll, simply to be looked at by her coachman, but a woman for my arms. Make her be my wife, and I will forgive and forget all, and you shall have all this, and more—as much as you want for feasting, and rioting, and sin. Go to her, and drag her from the man she loves, if she be there. I would not care if she sinned to the limits of perdition, and beyond, so it be not to one she clings to, as she does to this man, this jail-bird."

Mrs. Tennyson listened to the whole of this declamation with perfect composure. She heard in it the theory of licentious vice, naught else—the indifference of the husband to his wife's criminality, so the feeling of love went not with her promiscuous crimes; and the mother made up her mind to tell all she knew about her daughter's movements, at least as far as would be convenient to the little speculation she had in hand.

CHAPTER VII.

"THEN she is from home, Mrs. Tennyson, and not hiding about the house?" inquired Mr. Atwood, for he had only been indulging in jealous guessings, hoping that as yet he was secure against the finality of her quitting his roof, a hope partially encouraged by Mrs. Tennyson's abstaining to affirm or contradict his insinuations.

At last Mrs. Tennyson had to speak.

"She is not here, Mr. Atwood, and I do not know where she is. She forbade me in such strong terms, and with so much violence, to follow her, that I dared not disobey her. Indeed, I suppose, and still think, that she has merely gone to some friend's house, and as she recovers her temper—who would have thought she had so much temper, Mr. Atwood?—she will come back again."

And now, Mrs. Tennyson thought no such thing, but then it was not her rôle to let Mr. Atwood know too much at once. The fish was turning fisherman.

Passing over Mr. Atwood's answers to the gratifying intelligence conveyed to him by his Roman-nosed mother-in-law, we will tell how and when Mrs. Atwood left the house, and with whom and for what purpose. It will save Mrs. Tennyson from the record of a few errors that she will be well relieved of, and we can with perfect propriety leave the interesting twain to puzzle each other as best they can, and to their hearts' content.

It is the same room in which these two conspirators are sitting, but an hour preceding their interview.

In this same room sat the mother and daughter, while in the next, the never slept in bedroom, worked the meek minister of fashion, the poor milliner girl of the Hoboken ferry-boat.

Deftly had she plied her needle all the day—deftly, because that was a habit—but her mind was not upon the work that covered her patient knees. Her mind went back to that ferry-boat and the young man who read the letter, and then the sight she had seen concealed near the lady's bosom. Puzzled much was this wail of needles over what she had witnessed; but all the time over the fair queen's robe—for queen was Mrs. Atwood to this meek machine—sped her diligent fingers.

At times Mrs. Atwood called to her through the open door with a gentle voice, to cheer her at her task. The hours sped on, and Mrs. Atwood was as lonely as her sewing-girl, though she had her mother with her. They were apart, the scheming parent and the dreaming maid-wife. Long silence dwelt over this domestic scene, and the only light that fell upon it was from the skies, and that was both a benediction and a reproach.

It happened, however, that some converse did take place at rare intervals, and even then the conversation, if such it could be called, was composed of remarks upon outside topics on the part of the elder lady, that found but small sympathy in the daughter's thoughts.

Fashion, and its train of transient consequences and sublime duties: the manner in which Mrs. A. dressed herself and did not dress her daughters at Mrs. B's ball; the style in which the Duke of Garters lived when she, Mrs. Tennyson, sojourned at Homburg; the diamonds, that she was sure were paste, worn at the presentation of the reigning prince of the Lola Montez principality, by the Honorable Mrs. C., wife to the American Charge at that fearful important Court; pleasant allusions to Atwood's wealth, greater than Lord Star's, Her Majesty's Minister near the Imperial Court of France; and how much the Pope of Rome paid his washerwoman for washing out the muslin dress he wore on Palm Sunday when he said High Mass in the Vatican; and then she rattled on about the grandeur of the house in which they lived, and finally asked her daughter to ring for a box of sardines and a bottle of porter. Relapsing after such discussions into small pinches of snuff—a habit—quiet would be allowed once more to fall upon the scene; and in one of these lapses of silence Mrs. Atwood called the maid from the inner room, and bade her put on her bonnet and take the air after her long working, giving her, as an excuse beyond her need of recreation, a small order for a ribbon or other minor adjunct of drapery.

She had not been absent from the house many minutes before she heard a cry, and a boy passed her holding in his hand a bundle of the inevitable evening papers. His cry was of a "Murder in Hoboken." Boys who vend the evening journals adapt their cries to those whom they chance to meet. Was it a portly broker from Wall street, he would cry the "Ar-

rival of the Persia," with news of English stocks; but now it was a marvel-loving girl—or such, at least, he supposed her to be, for all the female folk lean to the wonderful—and so he tried a chance for a sale, and sounded the terrific announcement of a "Murder in the Elysian Fields, at Hoboken." She bought the paper from the ragged urchin, and went onward to the shop for the purpose of making the purchase requested by Mrs. Atwood. Then, while she waited for previous customers to be served, she read the account of the great offense in her own Hoboken, where she lived. The hour of the deed, the day, the description of the man accused, the envelope torn and found, filled her with a strange and horrible idea. It was beyond all question that very envelope she had seen; and, if it was so, the lady in whose service she was so pleasantly employed, who was so good to her and considerate, the beautiful and wretched lady—for wretched she had wit enough, or instinct, greater in woman than in man, to feel certain that she was—wore upon her breast the image of the criminal. The tender-hearted and frightened creature took up this notion with great agony, but with a sure faith, and after she had bought the ribbon, or whatever it might be, she hurried back, and, without thinking of the prudence or imprudence of what she did, but with a motive that inspired women sometimes have, looked, after she had been in the room a moment, with a beseeching expression at Mrs. Atwood, and then, rising to some sense of dignity with the importance of her idea, signed to that lady to follow her into the bedroom. Mrs. Atwood rose with marks of great alarm upon her face—for people in such a state of mind as she was laboring under are ever quick to reach the worst conclusions—and started to obey the signal of the girl; but ere she reached the door that entered into that special apartment, the milliner had changed her mind and stopped, giving the paper to Mrs. Atwood and pointing at the space filled with the recital which so confounded her with dread and suspicion. Calmly Mrs. Atwood read the revelation, and when she had concluded, she handed the paper back to the maiden.

Her face was pale, but with that pallor there came the quick flush of shame, but that lasted no longer than it would upon the face of a maiden who admitted to herself the consciousness of an honorable love.

Then came the full-grown heart of the woman to bid her act—she, who had been torn from those hands, falsely accused of a blood-red crime; and quick upon the trumpet-tone that she alone heard, calling to her from the sweet memories of their loves and the bitter reveries of their disappointment, act she did. Well did she do her deeds of vindication of his claim upon her, and diamond diadem for gala nights, and bracelets that were to be the manacles of her life-long prison, and rings of all rich stones that rich purse could purchase, and the great seal of death, the wedding-ring, were thrown upon the table as we have seen, and then from his drawer, where he kept it as a boast and menace, she took the written proof of her bondage and disgrace, and tore it into fragments; and when her mother spoke to her and threatened her, she drew her glorious form to its full height, and with her imperial eyes all aflame she bade her stand aloof and take no charge of her or her purpose; and getting a few needful things about her, she bonneted her proud head, and taking the maiden with her, left the house of her misery. When she had gone, the prostrated spirit of her ashamed mother rallied by the force of its natural insolence, and inspired her to stretch out her hand to the paper that had been dropped upon the floor; and when she read it, and saw the name of Harrison there, she knew that her daughter was no longer hers, but belonged to the dread circumstances into whose hands Fate, the avenger, had cast her.

When Atwood came to know a portion of all this, he leant his head upon his hand and muttered to himself:

"She can save him. He is not the man, for had he been a murderer, 'tis I he would have killed." Mr. Atwood had not lost his wits, though, as matters stood, he very nearly came to the conclusion that he had lost his wife.

She left the house of her misery, fled from possessions and position that, alas! many a woman would have rushed with cold heart and eager hands to grasp. Would Mrs. Atwood have acted as she did had there been no other motive and possible reward that would have compensated her for abandoning the social throne and fashionable way? Follow these pages through their devious windings in and out of human and inhuman hearts, and then when you shall come to know her well, you can determine whether she was prompted by a holy design or unworthy passion. We all know a dozen women who would sell themselves to Beelzebub, provided he would give a party once a week, with a moonlight room for flirtations, keep a coach and servants in livery, go away from home during the day, and to his club at night. But, thank heaven! we all know a hundred or so of women who would not let Beelzebub come near their little finger, even if he drove up to them four in hand, with royal dukes for outriders, and offered them the moonlit valley of Rasselas for their room of whisperings, on the night of their flashing routs. You who read this passage, fair reader, we know are one of these, and we ourselves can count upon these five fingers the names of as many women who would give up their hoops rather than give up their husbands. Let that pass.

Mrs. Atwood was quick to make up her mind, and so out of the house she went, accompanied by the simple-hearted sewing-girl who had so accidentally become her friend and confidant.

She had seen at a glance the exact position in which Mr. Harrison was placed. The revelation of the envelope, the fact of the letter being found (she was convinced that he had either burned or buried it), the speech by him to the coroner when he declared himself doomed, but innocent, and happy that he alone

was implicated—all these things convinced her that he stood unresisting and, for her sake, silent in the clutches of the law. True, she had written to him, as she had written to him before, with the difference now that she was a wife, but it was to assure him—last hope of her selfishness and her love—that she was a wife only in name; that she had saved her father, but not sacrificed the purity of her love for him; that her union to him stood pre-eminently as a sacred obligation; and she veiled all and declared all in words that had puzzled him as he read her letter for the last time ere he buried it in the wood.

Had Mr. Atwood, as he plodded up the great thoroughfare, looked into a not overcrowded omnibus, he would not have had occasion to make the inquisition of Mrs. Tennyson as to the movements and motives of his wife, for he would have seen Mrs. Atwood in that omnibus, and known at once that she was wending her way to the same ferry that had borne Harrison to his fate. Great intentions in men rule the tongue to silence and the brain to plot. Great intentions in women instruct the soul to sacrifice and the heart to bear, and well could the maiden comprehend that some high deed of female chivalry was to be done by the silent beauty at her side.

When the omnibus stopped at the head of the side street leading to the ferry, Mrs. Atwood and the girl got out. Not a moment spent looking at shop windows where temptations stare women in the face, or at hotel steps where women are the tempters stared at, but with a quiet manner, as if nothing was out of the way, the lady said:

"Mary, I am going home with you."

And the quick revolving paddles brought them to Hoboken. A dainty room was that of Mary, with its green shutter closed and its curtain of cheap white muslin drawn down. Beyond, the green meadows, with the hills of Weehawken screening them, and the bay subsiding in broken billows upon the nearer beach—on these things Mrs. Atwood gazed silently and with something of a deep peace, and at length, turning toward Mary, said:

"My dear child" (Mary was nearly as old as Mrs. Atwood, and Mrs. Atwood was only twenty), "you have a pretty view from here, but working out, as you do, you have but small chance to enjoy it."

"I enjoy it on Sundays, when my brother comes over to spend the day with me. We sit here, or walk, if the day is fine, into the woods of the Elysian Fields."

A change passed rapidly over Mrs. Atwood's face, and not again during the stay she made in Mary's room did she speak of the scenes beyond.

"Are you tired, Mary?"

Mary was sitting upon the foot of the bed.

"No, madame, I am not tired at all; the exercise of walking is to me relief. Sitting is what makes me tired."

"Then, if sitting makes you tired, I will beg you to do me a kindness, and take a walk. You do not know all this sad matter, Mary, nor can I tell you now. I must act, and save that young man from prison. I can save him, and I will, but you must help me a little. Go to the coroner's office, or to his house, and tell him that a lady wishes to see him about the murder for which Mr. Harrison is imprisoned. Beg him to come here, for it is a matter of life and death; tell him that the lady can acquit Mr. Harrison; and, if he will not come, go to the police-station, and give the officer there the same message you give to the coroner. Hurry, Mary, and I will sit here and wait till you return."

Even while she was speaking, Mary had placed her bonnet upon her head, and needed no further urging to comply instantly with Mrs. Atwood's request.

At the residence of the coroner, for thither the maiden directed her steps, she was admitted to the presence of the worthy official.

"Mrs. Atwood! Who is Mrs. Atwood?"

That was his first inquiry.

The young girl gave him to understand that Mrs. Atwood lived in New York; that she had a husband who was the richest man in the world; that Mrs. Atwood was the sweetest and prettiest and best woman in the world; and altogether Mr. Strafford came to think that he had better put aside his pipe, and put on his hat, and take his cane, and walk forthwith to the attic where the lady of such great merits was quietly sitting and awaiting him.

In vain the loquacious investigator of incidents and arbiter of circumstances endeavored to "pump" the maiden as they jogged along the pavement, but Mary, having exhausted her notes of admiration, reserved all further intelligence for the imparting of Mrs. Atwood.

Arriving at Mary's lodgings, the steps were speedily ascended, a knock given, and an answer returned. They entered the chamber. Mrs. Atwood rose, and Mary said:

"This is Mr. Strafford, the coroner, madame."

To say that Mr. Strafford was startled at the sight of so much grace and dignity and beauty would but feebly express that individual's sensations. His hat came instantly from his head, and a very low and respectful bow indicated that he could recognize, professional judge of death as he was, the presence and breathing revelation of exquisite humanity. There were three places upon which a person could be seated in Mary's room—the rocking-chair, the foot of the bed, and an old leather trunk, and Mrs. Atwood invited Mr. Strafford to possess himself of the former. Mr. Strafford very politely took possession of the latter, and Mary stood awaiting Mrs. Atwood's wishes with regard to herself. Mrs. Atwood settled the question by begging Mary to seat herself at the foot of the bed. Then Mary felt that she was, indeed, the friend of this great lady, and a firm resolve went through her almost trembling heart that she would not be recreant to the trust.

"The officers of justice," Mrs. Atwood commenced, as if she had studied her speech be-

forehand, "should be friends of truth, Mr. Strafford."

That gentleman bowed to the aphorism, as well as to its utterer, and, looking into those wonderfully dark gray eyes, thought he could see in them that which wise men and simple country folk think they see when they look into a well.

"They should be, madame, and I hope I am."

His reply was encouraging.

"I do not doubt it, and I have come here that I may tell you the truth, and give liberty to a man who would take death for me."

Mr. Strafford pricked up his ears, and looked steadily and inquiringly at Mrs. Atwood; but nothing in the face, or dress, or manner of that lady furnished him with a justification of the suspicion that for a moment had crossed his legal cranium. He simply saw a very beautiful woman.

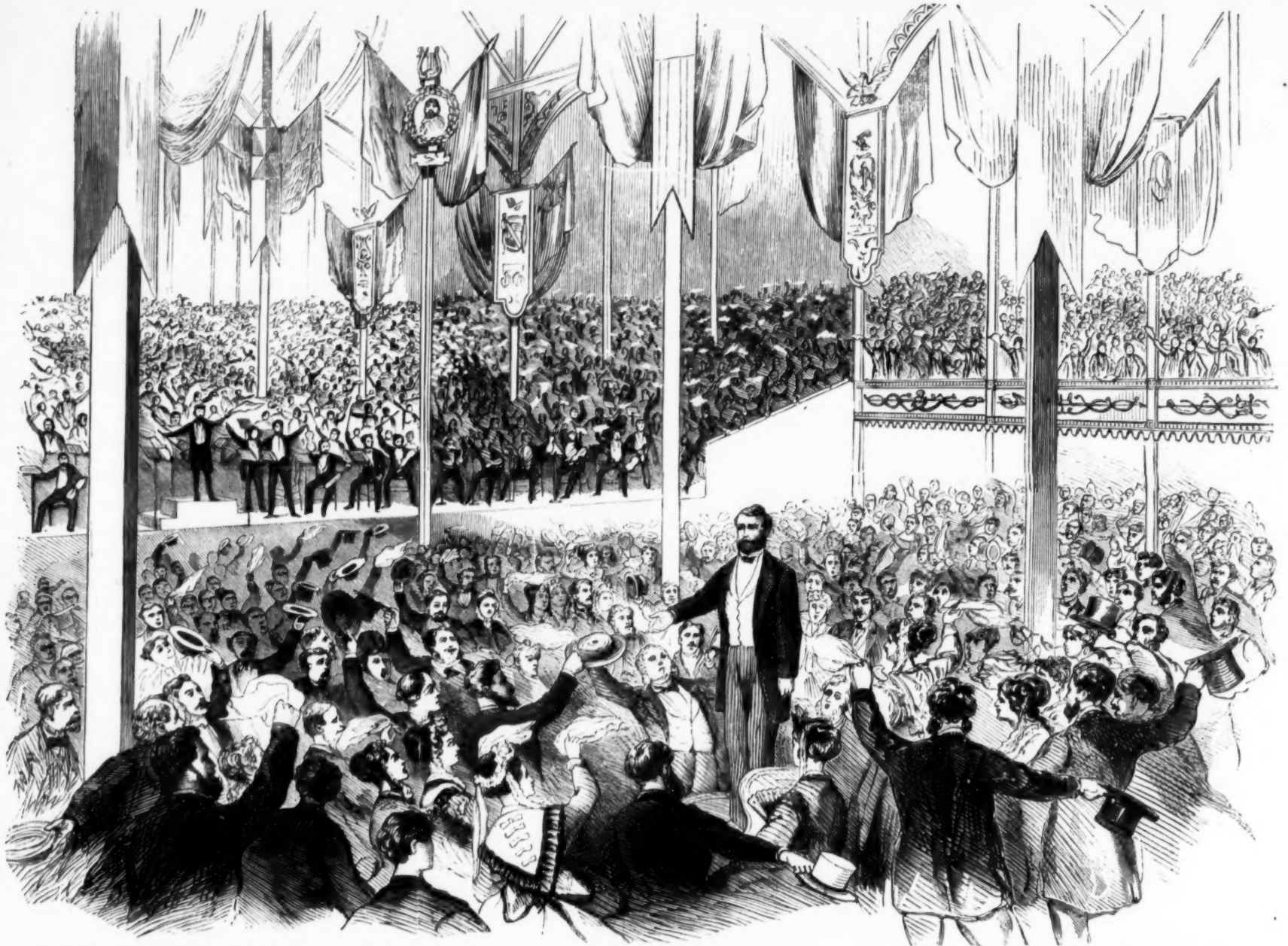
Mary looked at Mrs. Atwood with a new wonder, and, if possible, some increase of admiration.

Then did Mrs. Atwood go over the history of the murder, as she had read it in the paper, and when she reached the portion that related to the negative admission of Harrison before the coroner, both listeners awaited with impatience the vindication of his innocence, that, doubtless, she intended to offer. She was calm and thoroughly self-possessed, and she had naught to offer but a confession that was to humiliate herself, and logical deductions that were to exonerate Harrison. In doing this, she would have to admit that Harrison was her lover. That would seem inevitable.

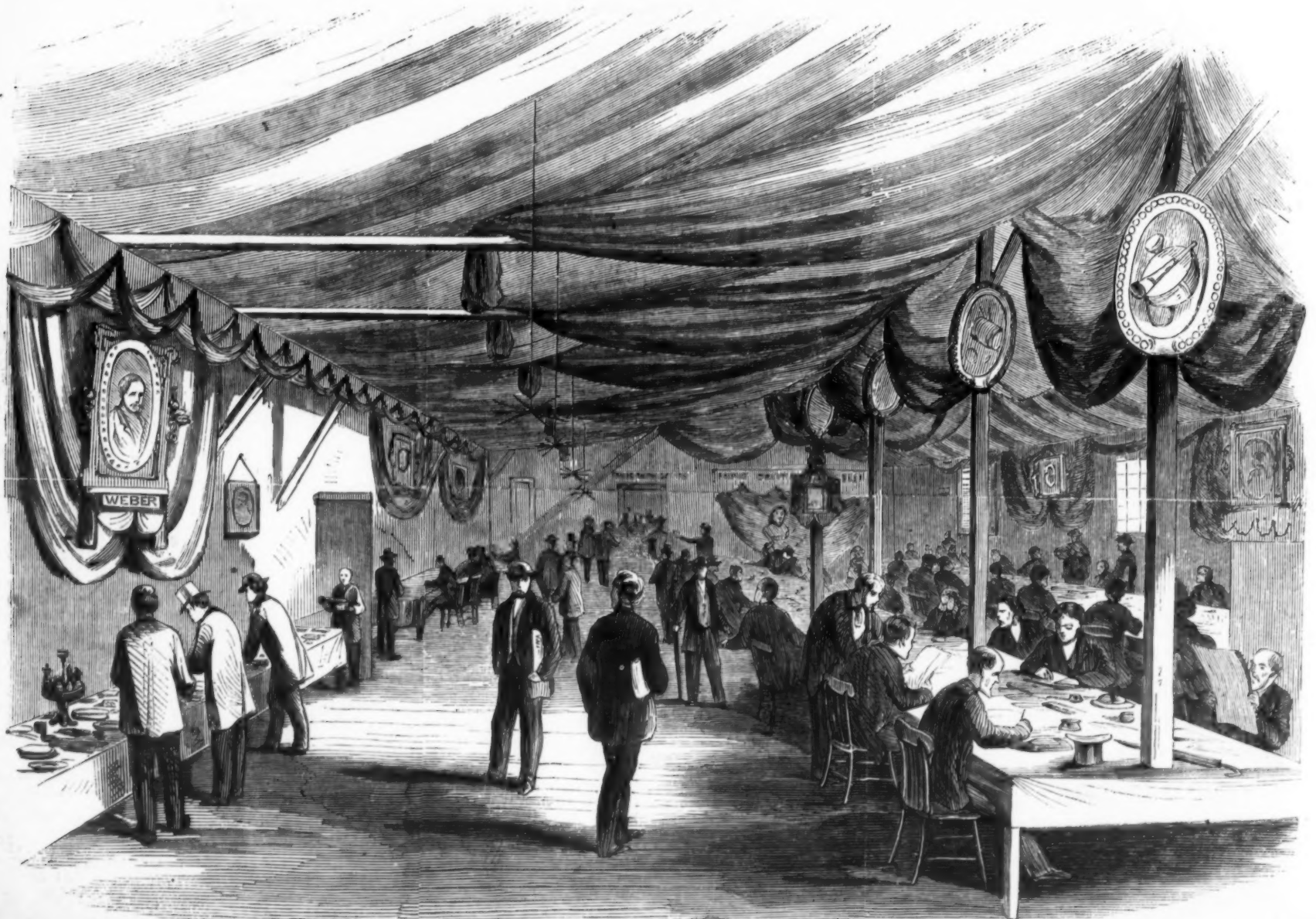
"He is not the murderer, Mr. Strafford. God knows it no better than I do; and this is what I know; but you must believe that I am as innocent of any other crime connected with this matter as he is of this murder. That was found in the wound of the murdered man was part of the envelope of a letter I had written to him on that very day. I know him so well that I know he went to that spot to destroy the record that might, if lost or mislaid, expose me to reproach and shame. There is an explanation of that letter, and why it was sent to him, that I need not give now. Go to him, and without telling him at first that I have seen you, ask him if it did not happen in this way. He tore up the letter itself into minute pieces, and placed them where no one was ever likely to find them, even by accident, and then he tore the envelope, and threw the fragments away from him, careless of that uncompromising testimony. That is the simple story; and now let me suggest this theory of the murder. Some one, passing that spot after he had left, found one of the pieces of that envelope, and covered the charge of his pistol with it. His enemy, or his prey, was brought there by a trick at the proper time, and was shot. When you tell Mr. Harrison this, he may deny it, and, if he does, tell him that you have seen me, and that I have revealed to you the secret he would guard upon the gallows, and preserve by his death. I beg you to go to him, and say that I demand of him his life, but not, after all, at the risk of my honor, for even if you could gather the fragments of that letter, and join them, line by line and word by word, not one line or one word will bring me to shame. The time may come when he will be free to reveal its contents; and apart, without an interview, without collusion, I can repeat, word for word, what I wrote, and you will see that we each remember alike the contents of that fatal note. Tell him I will not see him till he is out of prison, free as he was, and lifting his head in honor, as he should, before the world. I will sacrifice everything for him—everything I have already sacrificed. Apart from him, the world will judge of his innocence by the coincidence of our explanations, if explanation he can be induced to make. He is proud, and noble, and loyal, but there shall be no need of his pride or his loyalty, for I will, if forced to it, stand in the open court, and reveal the whole, and he shall tell me where he has placed the letter, and I will carry it before the judges, and they shall read it before the world, and the world will see why he appears guilty now. See this," and she drew from her bosom a medallion case of gold, and, turning to the coroner, continued: "See this. Is this not a witness of the truth of all I have said?"

"It is Harrison!" exclaimed the coroner; and never did a cunning artist touch with a more exact and delicate pencil the lineaments of the human face. "I will believe every word you say, madame, said Mr. Strafford, after he had examined the picture, and will see the District Attorney at once, in whose hands the matter is now placed, and I am confident that he will, without hesitation, understand the position of Mr. Harrison, and order his release. The matter, to me, is as plain as noonday, and no one who knows Mr. Harrison, and I have known him long, can, after the excitement of the discovery of the murder has passed away, believe him guilty. His life has been above suspicion, and no one can trace a motive for the act, or any connection between him and the murdered man. One thing more, and I will leave you, madame. It will not be necessary for your name to appear at all in this affair, and I must beg you to be cautious. This young lady," turning to our friend Mary, "will remember that she has your honor in her keeping."

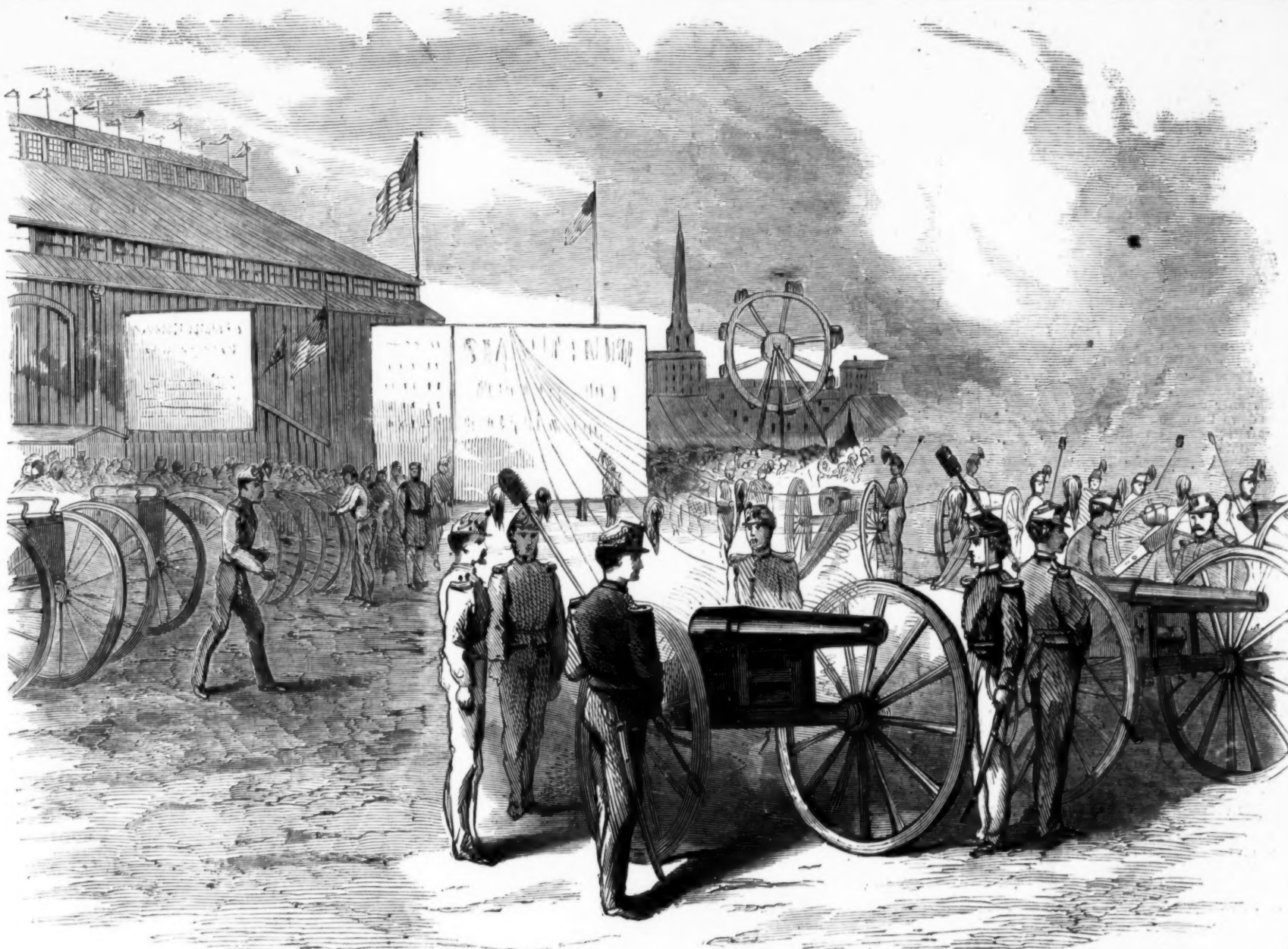
Mr. Strafford took his hat, but, before leaving the room, desired Mrs. Atwood to arrange it so that he could inform her at the earliest moment of the result of his interview with the prosecuting officer of the county. It was finally agreed that Mary should call upon him on the following evening, at which time he could inform her of the action of the law officer in the case. After he had left the room, with the faint light upon the Western sky softening through the chamber, Mrs. Atwood dropped her face in her hands, and wept. The tender Mary knelt at her feet, and wept with her. Oh, Mr. Atwood, with all your wealth you cannot buy one tear shed by those two women there.



THE GREAT NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE, BOSTON, MASS.—THE ARRIVAL OF PRESIDENT GRANT AT THE COLISEUM, JUNE 16TH—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 243.



THE GREAT NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE, BOSTON, MASS.—THE ROOM FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF THE MEMBERS OF THE P.E.S., IN THE COLISEUM.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. SEE PAGE 243.



THE GREAT NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE, BOSTON, MASS.—THE BATTERY OF PARROTT GUNS FIRED BY ELECTRICITY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 243.

A Glimpse at Boston.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE city of Boston has so long been in the habit of being reviled for its close, narrow, crooked and crowded streets, laid out by cows, as the slander goes, that the multitudes who visit it this June can hardly fail to be surprised when they find it by far the most picturesque city in the country. The quality of being picturesque is certainly a desirable one in a place, and is not obtained simply by generous width of thoroughfare, and by no means by many-windowed blocks of marble buildings staring the sunshine blind, and is nowhere to be found in those checker-board collections of right-angled streets in which, owing to the absence of any landmark, every square and every house

other side of the hill in Temple and Stanford and Chambers, the solid business-buildings of the lower streets, the shoddy of the South End, the squalor of the North, and all the light and airy splendor of the Back Bay, with its palaces on Arlington street and Commonwealth avenue, which bear that relation to the old Beacon street that the Empire bears to the Faubourg St. Germain.

The city of Washington, in its magnificent avenues, with their space and cosmopolitan character, contrasts more directly with Boston than any other city that we recall at the moment. A person crossing the streets of the latter, after having left the national capital, is in perpetual danger, since, trusting to his old security of time and distance, he is forever being startled by a horse's nose thrust over his

shoulder, and reminding him that he cannot take his time in any movement of that nature. But both Washington and Boston have kindred peculiarities, since the way in which Pennsylvania avenue dips down into the ground and crops out on the surface again a quarter of a mile further on, is nothing more extraordinary than that the sidewalk of Court street should be known as Tremont Row, and the house that Gall Hamilton complains of as always and everywhere to be seen standing in the middle of the street is common to both cities. Perhaps that is one of the things which assist in giving the town its pictorial appearance, for no matter in what thronged and crowded portion of the place you may be, you are always coming across a sort of *carrefour*, where the solitary buildings jut out upon open spaces of clear sky. This is especially so down in the intricate ways of Dock and Faneuil squares, so that at every



THE NEW JEWISH SYNAGOGUE IN WEST FORTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 247.

being the counterpart of its neighbor, it is almost impossible that a stranger should stroll without completely losing his way.

In Boston, it is true, a person may lose his way—and frequently does—but it must be owing to great want of observation, where, one might almost say, there is not a single corner like any other corner in the whole city limits. Each street has a distinctive character of its own, from the tremendous respectability of Beacon street, which entombs an ancestor and an epitaph in every brick, through the later elegance of Mount Vernon, with its stately gardens, Charles with its delightful water-views, the ancient and well-to-do bourgeoisie on the



THE LATE HON. HENRY J. RAYMOND.—SEE PAGE 242.



REV. SAMUEL M. ISAACS, MINISTER OF THE FORTY-FOURTH STREET SYNAGOGUE, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 247.

few steps one has a reach of the unobstructed heavens, a vista of sunset, a sudden opening of the Milky Way, as the case and the hour may be. These business streets, abounding in ancient bits of history, are among the most picturesque of all. Nothing can be finer in that way than a part of the one named Devonshire, so narrow that one could stand in the centre and almost touch the walls on either side, and suddenly opening out into a mass of splendid granite warehouses, on which Hammett Billings and Arthur Gilman have lavished their genius, and which are said not to be excelled by any of the Emperor's latest exertions of that nature in Paris.

Superb buildings for business purposes seem indeed just now to be the particular mania of Boston. If half the wealth she expends in tearing down those which, sufficiently suitable in themselves, have acquired besides some little historical value, and in raising costly piles in their stead, were applied to the encouragement of maritime enterprise, she—a day's sail nearer Europe than any other of our sea-coast cities—might no longer need to be almost the only one among them all without a passenger line of European steamers. Many of the buildings are in themselves, however, beautiful enough to excuse their being, and one of them, the Sears Block, destined for the Merchants' Exchange, makes Milton's fabric huge that

"Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,"

a mere matter of every day, and seen by moonlight, with its aerial ornamentation and its alternations of blue and white stone, making fantastic light and shade, it is a perfect thing of enchantment; and although it is no more by night than at any other time that the picturesque side of the city is to be seen (save in so far as night by softening and obscuring is always more picturesque than noon), yet any one who stands after dark near Pemberton square and looks down the open space on the right, where Court street crosses the top of Cornhill and empties into State street, dividing round the old revolutionary State House like a river round a rock, with the clusters of strange gables, roofs, and chimneys, amidst all the gaps of starlit sky, and the various hillside thoroughfares and countless alleys below receding into distance and darkness, he will declare that those oldest inhabitants, who without doubt deemed the theatre nothing less than the highway to the bottomless pit, could not, even had they tried, have gotten anything up with a more complete eye to scenic effect.

In fact, one can hardly go amiss in the city if one's object is merely search of the poetical; and all the more that it is such a compact little place, the old precinct—that is to say, that one comprehends the whole of it without much effort of any kind. Not to speak of the future glories of Chestnut Hill Reservoir, designed, as the young Bostonians declare, to put out Central Park like a farthing candle, nor of the pretty Public Garden, nor of the Common, which it is no one's fault if every one does not already know all about—although lately presenting a new advantage in the complete conversion of one of its sides into a business street, so that the men confined all day at their work have constantly before them the view of sun-seathed greenery, the shaded depths, and long velvety stretches of sward, full as refreshing as tantalizing—not to mention these stereotyped shows of Boston, one may be content with passing them by, and climbing to the other side of Beacon hill into a narrow old way named Myrtle street. Here, surrounded by lofty and venerable buildings, one may see a section of the busy city far below, its throngs of people, its teams of enormous dray-horses, all turned into toys; one would ask if these pigmies are the great Bostonians, if these are the beautiful Boston girls, who, whatever their mothers and grandmothers may have been, wear themselves the pure sea-fog complexion and lustrous eyes that make them, in spite of eye-glasses and "temperaments," the loveliest ladies to be met in many a long summer's day—if one could look away from the picture over across them all long enough to ask anything. For there beneath is the hum of a valley like a hive, beginning to be shrouded, it may be, in evening shadows, and far off across the blue haze of the twilight another city is rising on a confronting hill, with the sunset fading behind it; the stars peer faintly out a distant height above, the twinkling street-lamps answer them below; the scene is that of an ideal city full of beauty and mystery; and as one leaves the spot, he needs to look down and see the perpetual torchlight procession of the Milldam and Berkeley street, and the long bridges creeping along the Charles, in order that he may come out of the dream one dreams over such sights, into the stir and bustle of actual life, where lanes are being demolished, streets widened, houses lifted and sliced in two, and every one is doing his worst to transform Boston from a quaint old tangle of streets into a modern nonentity.

The precise nature of the actions and influences of light has been a puzzling subject, especially since photographers have been inquiring into the rationale of the formation of photographic images. It has been argued that luminous effects on sensitive materials are chemical, and, on the other hand, it has been urged that light acts mechanically. Some entirely novel and singularly beautiful experiments by Professor Tyndall favor the latter assumption. He has found that a beam of intense light produces a startling commotion among attenuated vapors enclosed in a glass tube, twisting them into shapes as fantastic and as changeable as Hamlet's cloud. For instance, a glass cylinder, about three feet long and as many inches in diameter, was filled with a mixture of common air and the vapor of hydriodic acid, and the powerful beam of an electric lamp was directed through it. After a time beautiful colored clouds formed themselves, shapeless at first, but developing by degrees into forms of exquisite complexity. A nebulous pedestal and filmy drapery; a vase pouring out streams of spectral liquid; flowers like roses, tulips and sunflowers; a fish with eyes, gills, and feelers: these were some of the forms that the vapory mass assumed. The imagination had little to do in forming the strange shapes; they were recognized by bystanders and assistants; their beauties charmed the eyes of unsentimental observers, one of whom, of utilitarian propensities, suggested their valuable use to pattern designers. This may be their baser use, but it seems inevitable that they have a grander part to play in the future development of the science of sunology.

A MINISTER, who had been reproving one of his elders for over-indulgence, observed a cow to go down to a stream, take a drink, and turn away.

"There," said he to his offending elder, "is an example for you; the cow has quenched her thirst, and has retired."

"Yes," replied the elder, "that is very true. But suppose another cow had come to the other side of the stream, and he had said, 'here's to you, old brewer,' there's no saying how long they might have gone on."

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

"A LIFE on the ocean wave?"
The man who wrote it was green;
He never had been to sea,
And a storm he never had seen.

He never has been aroused
From the morning's gentle doze,
By the sound of splashing water,
As it fell from the horrid hose!

He never has heard a man
Scrubbing right over his head,
With a noise sufficient to rouse
From the grave the slumbering dead.

He has never seen a fat woman
Growing thinner day by day,
And leaning over the vessel's side,
Throwing herself away;

While people look carelessly on,
Though in tears the woman may be,
And unfeelingly say it is nothing at all
But the rolling of the sea.

And oh, he has never been sea-sick,
And crept into bed with his coat,
While every motion increased his throes,
And his feelings were all in his throat.

A MAN'S DEVOTION.

"How strangely different are these two;
and yet perfect love appears to exist between them."

Such were my thoughts as I sat, a guest, at the table of Lionel Chester and his lovely young wife.

He, a tall, dark, elegantly-formed man of forty-five, with hair and mustache of jet black, and a very intelligent face, indicative of fervor and passion, and eyes that seemed to read your innermost thoughts—a man to be feared and trusted by men, and idolized by women.

She, a beautiful blonde, of eighteen, with heavenly blue eyes and waving golden hair that was bound up in a luxuriant negligé style very becoming to her; the velvet complexion and coral lips, half open with a merry smile, that disclosed the white, even teeth; her form, slight but elegant, and a shadow above the medium height; a face of great beauty, and capable of inspiring the greatest adoration that mortals have to bestow upon those they love.

As I said before, I was their guest, having visited them at their lovely home upon the banks of the majestic Hudson. Two years before, I had first met Lionel Chester at the death-bed of a friend dear to both of us, and, being much thrown together in the night-watches of the sick chamber, a close friendship had sprung up between us, that increased with each month that added to our age. Since that time I had frequently met him in society in the gay metropolis, and passed days with him at his city residence; but, excepting that he controlled great wealth, had passed many years in traveling, and served with distinction in the war for the Union, I knew little of him, for of his past he seldom spoke, and I was not possessed of sufficient curiosity to wish to worry him to bestow any confidence upon me. In society he was greatly sought after, and many marveled that he had never married, and, not knowing why he had never done so, all kinds of rumors were in circulation regarding the cause, some assigning "unrequited love," and some this and some that reason.

A little more than a year after I first met him, business called me to New Orleans, and detained me there for a few weeks. While sipping my coffee at breakfast one morning, a number of letters were laid beside my plate, and seeing one in Lionel's well-known handwriting, I opened it, and was astonished beyond expression to see two elaborate wedding-cards drop upon the table, and bearing upon them the information that "Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Chester would be at home on such and such a day," etc.

"This is a good joke," I thought; "but who was and who is Miss Madeline Stewart?" I asked myself, over and over again. "She is Mrs. Lionel Chester now, that's certain; but why did I not know something about her?" and feeling hurt that Lionel should have kept such an important secret hid from me, I was putting them back in the envelope, when I discovered a little note in it, that in my surprise I had not before noticed. It read:

"MY DEAR FRIEND—I was married some evenings since to the loveliest woman in the world. Leave to-day for my home on the Hudson. Come directly, upon your return to New York, and see us, and you shall have a warm welcome from myself and wife.

"LIONEL CHESTER."

"D—!"—but I don't swear, so didn't quite do so on that occasion, but anatomized in my heart the unkindness of Lionel, for keeping me in the dark about his marriage until it was all over.

Two weeks later, and I was seated at his dinner-table, having arrived an hour before the up-river boat.

He had welcomed me warmly, and presented me to his wife, whose radiant beauty at once struck me, and with whom I was charmed; but no allusion was made to his marriage, where he had met his wife, or why he had kept the matter a secret from me. Dinner passed off pleasantly, and afterward we had music in the parlor, Mrs. Chester singing in a rich full voice, and performing with taste and elegance upon that sweetest of all musical instruments, the harp. At rather an early hour she rose, and left Lionel and myself to indulge ourselves with cigars and sherry, in the library. Our conversation, after her departure, turned upon that never-failing theme and hobby of men, politics, and after discussing for a short time the respective merits and demerits of leading

politicians, Lionel turned to me, and said, suddenly:

"You have never asked me about my wife?"
"No, I have not; but that is no sign I do not wish to know about her," I replied.

"Well, old fellow"—I was fifteen years his junior—"I must tell you the whole story, commencing many years ago, if you will give me your attention," he said.

"I am all attention," I answered; and he began:

"You know I have always been a great traveler, and that in my younger days I spent many seasons abroad.

"Well, fifteen years ago I passed a few months in Egypt, and while there became acquainted with an Englishman, who was serving in the army. We were together a great deal, and procuring a furlough, he accompanied me upon an expedition up the Nile. There I found out his true worth, and he told me of his life. Of his having been a younger son of a noble family, and of his father casting him off because he married a poor girl, the daughter of a country farmer in the neighborhood of the family estates. He had been reared a soldier, and with what little means he had left, he came to Africa and enlisted, his wife accompanying him. From ability as an officer, and daring unsurpassed by any of the reckless spirits around him, he had risen to the rank of major, and when I knew him, was holding a very good position.

"Shortly after his arrival in Africa his wife gave birth to a little daughter, and, prostrated by the climate and her illness, she was unable to recuperate her health, and death claimed her. Until her third year the little girl was brought up by an old nurse, and then her father, having been put on front duty, had her brought to his house. But not to tire you, I will say that, while we were together on the Nile, my friend was urged into a difficulty with an officer, the result of which was a duel. I did all in my power to prevent the affair, but, seeing arguments were useless, I gave them up, and accepted the position forced upon me, of being a second. It came off early the next morning, and my poor friend fell, shot through the body. To me he bequeathed his baby daughter, begging me to care for her, and never let her know what I promised, and, before God, I have kept it. I had him buried where he fell, and upon my return to Cairo procured a good nurse, and, placing the child in her care, sailed for England. You know that most of my family died when I was quite young, so I had no one to leave the pretty little creature with, and was at a loss what to do about it, when I remembered I had an old nurse living in easy circumstances in Albany, New York; so upon my return to America, I placed little Madeline in her keeping. I continued my wandering until Madeline reached her tenth year, when I returned to New York, and taking her South with me, left her at the convent of the Sacred Heart, in Louisiana. There she remained for five years, and during the civil war; I being North in the army, but regularly receiving letters from her, and word from the Mother Superior how rapidly my little charge was improving. Girl though she was when I next met her (she was only fifteen), I saw that I stood before the one being in the world that I could wholly love, and then and there I determined to live and be worthy of her, and endeavor to win her heart. That she might see something of the world, I took her from the convent, and we spent six months in traveling through the most interesting and beautiful parts of the United States, and then I placed her at one of the finest boarding-schools in New York city.

"After leaving her there, I returned to my home, and wrote her the history of my life, and of her own; for I had not told her all the past, though she knew I was merely her guardian.

"When she graduated, which was three months ago, I took her to the residence of an old friend of my mother's, and told her who and what she was, and asked if Madeline might have a home there. The old lady gladly welcomed her; and seeing now that Madeline had realized all my hopes in her, and knowing that she was dearer to me than my life, I offered her my heart and my hand. That she loved me I could hardly doubt, for my experience had taught me much of women, and she knew nothing of deceit. Need I say that she accepted my love, and proved by her devotion how deeply she felt what I had done for her?

"I had never made known to the world that I had a ward, and when one month ago I married, and brought into New York society a star that outshone all others in beauty and purity, great was the astonishment shown. Now you know how I got my wife, and where she came from, and I tell you candidly, that had it not been for that little infant left in my charge fifteen years ago, my life would have been a useless existence. But Madeline redeemed the past to me, and the hope of her love has made me a better man."

Lionel ceased speaking, and, rising, I poured out two glasses of wine, and handing him one, drank, "Perfect happiness in the future for himself and his lovely bride."

PUMPING WATER.—The best, most economical way of doing this drudgery is by using Ericsson's Caloric Pump; of late greatly improved and rendered noiseless. It is perfectly safe, does not get out of order, and is easily managed by any servant. For ten years past it has been in constant use in many of the finest houses on Murray Hill, and at a large number of country-seats, giving perfect satisfaction, and thus proving its durability and efficiency. One always in operation at the office, 164 Duane street.

The painter Danhauser obtained permission from Beethoven to take a cast of his face, but did not represent that the operation would be inconvenient or painful. The composer was first bidden to remove his neckcloth and coat, and then take a seat. "You will not decapitate me?" said he, astonished. He was assured there was no such intention. After this, when his eyebrows were covered with paper and the hairy part of his face with an oily liquid, the whole

smothered over with plaster-of-paris, and he was told to take a quill in his mouth and shut his eyes firmly, he was still more dismayed. But when he felt the heat of the drying plaster, dismay turned to rage, and jumping up, with hair on end, he exclaimed:

"Sir, you are a garroter, a bandit, a monster!"
"For heaven's sake, my most honored Kapellmeister," stammered the artist; but Beethoven went on:

"A rogue, a cannibal."
"But permit me to—"
"Away!" roared Beethoven, and snatching up his hat and coat, but forgetting to put them on, he rushed out, covered with plaster, cursing and sputtering, and would never speak to Danhauser again.

A BOSTON POET SAYS:

I have a lingering love, I own,
For an old doctrine, held by some,
That woman's truest sphere is found
Within the hallowed walls of home;
But when the babe alarmed the house
By rolling headlong down the stair—
"Where's Mrs. Jones?" I cried to Ann,
With hands upraised in blank despair.
"She's at the rink," replied the maid,
"A ridin' the velocipede!"

Age should always precede beauty—therefore
let the old folks retire before ten o'clock.

YE AGED BACHELOR.

When I remember all
The girls I've met together,
I feel like a rooster in the Fall
Exposed to every weather.
I feel like one who treads alone
Some barnyard all deserted,
Whose oats are fed—whose hens are dead,
And off to market started.

A STORY is told of a gentleman who lost his wife, and was inconsolable. A few days after her death he was invited to go out on a shooting expedition.

"My grief is too fresh," he replied; "she has only been dead eight days."

"But we must all die," replied his friend.

A short pause.

"How early shall you start?"

"Six o'clock in the morning. Will you go?"

"Yes, I will join you, but I will not shoot."

WOMAN.

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her wo-man;
And when she woo'd with love so kind,
He then pronounced her woo-man.
But now, with folly, dress and pride,
Their husbands' pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of whims
That people call them whim-men!

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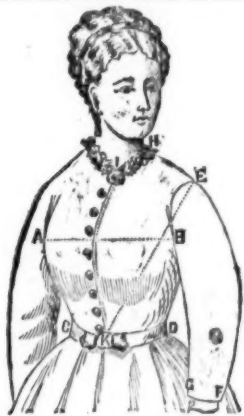
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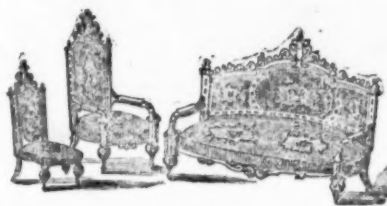
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